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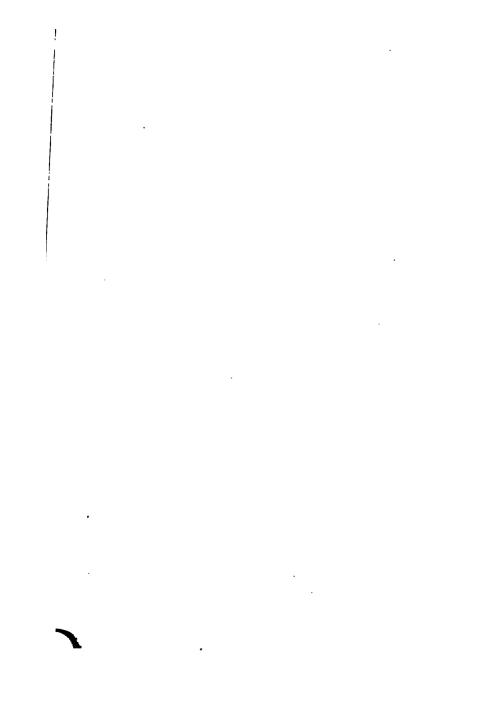
THEOLOGY IN VERSE J. P. SHORTHOUSE.



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THEOLOGY IN VERSE;

OR,

POEMS ON THE FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL.

With Butes.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

RUSTIC LAYS:

SACRED AND MORAL.

BY J. P. SHORTHOUSE.

LONDON:

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1858.

147. f. 15.



TO THE READER.

THE same month in which the contents of this volume were completed, I was called to anxious watchfulness over the drooping form of one more dear by far than mortal life to me. She who, setting out with me in early life, had pressed onward by my side along its thorny path, seeking only, in loving self-devotion, to fulfil her duties here; hoping only for repose, when her frail frame should sink into the tomb.

She felt now that her work was done—believed her summons to depart was come. Resting on God's gracious gift in Jesus, that gift—eternal life—displayed itself in heavenly peace begun with her below. Then,

Softly as the rays of light in summer's eve fade out, Her spirit left its tenement of clay.

She is gone into the presence and fruition of that glory which my mind, while writing some of the pieces following, sought:—

Soaring on wings of faith, the mists of sense to pierce, And reach unto the brightest view The vision of mortality could bear. But finite soon is lost in infinite. From giddy heights, we topple back to earth. That "eternal weight" can ne'er be borne By mortals clogged with clay. Here, we see but darkly through a glass: There, in its blissful presence, face to face!

The way unto that blessedness, is Jesus. Those called to walk therein, are sinners—sinners only. From them, no boasting words—wills, powers to do: But deep-felt, broken-hearted cries-Lost-helpless-and undone! For such, the Lamb of God His life A sacrifice laid down. For such, the great High Priest to God His blood has once for all brought in. Faith, only faith, in this great sacrifice can save: No works, no duties, but his precious blood Must wipe out every stain and blot of sin. Faith, only faith, can find this narrow way, Which leads ungodly man to joys on high. Through life, faith's hand alone receives the grace To walk in tribulation's path-Keep steadfast to its end.

That end, for us too, soon will come; When, leaving in the grave these bodies vile We too shall go to an unfading-crown!

J. P. S.

Brace Meole, near Shrewsbury, June, 1857.

PREFACE.

THE following pieces were written at intervals of time, without either preconceived design, or arrangement with each other; some amidst the bustle of an active business life, and others in the quietude of country scenes.

The mind sometimes finds it an agreeable employment to take up some idea that may occur, and, in its own way, work it out. Such are the contents of the small volume here presented to you.

Of course, it may be doubted whether it was worth sending to the press; but after judgment passed upon me, I must yet come in with an appeal for the subjects, as being (for the most part) worthy of all attention, however weakly handled here. For the cottager, or those who have little time or opportunity for reading; for those ignorant souls who welcome with eager eyes the least ray of light that opens up to them the knowledge of God reconciled to sinners through His Son, the one atoning sacrifice for sin, the righteousness in which man can alone stand in the presence of infinite purity; for them to whose blinded minds the Bible appears only another "Whole Duty of Man," and who, seeking to fulfil its

precepts, hope to get to heaven thereby: to some, perhaps, among these classes, it may not be found altogether useless; but serve as a hand-post, pointing to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Again. There are some of the lighter cast of minds, who will take up and read a volume of verses, when they will turn away from formal essays, sermons, lectures, and such like productions; and if, by this means, their mind's eye may catch a ray of the light of truth, or a glimpse of its glory, the labour will not have been in vain.

For the learned—for critics—there will be nothing here but faults. Alas! how can it be otherwise, when the writer himself seems only made up of faults, and is now too old to mend?

J. P. SHORTHOUSE.

Longden, near Shrewsbury, February, 1857.

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G O D.*

Who can by searching find out God?
Or how declare that powerful Word
Which out of nothing all things made,
This stable earth's foundations laid:
Which raised its mountains, poured its floods;
Which decked its valleys, clothed its woods?

Enthroned amidst eternal night,
Jehovah said, "Let there be light."
Night's sable curtain straight was drawn,
And light on the rude chaos shone:
O'er the dark mass its piercing ray
Shot forth—the dawn of time's first day.

But who His being can declare?
Or tell what His perfections are?
Life's Author, End, the great I AM,
Who fills all space, pervades all time;
Whose majesty and power divine,
Through all His works, transcendent shine!

god.

Can man his Maker comprehend—
Finite to infinite ascend?
Can he whose dwelling is in clay
E'er grasp the wide immensity?
Time's creature—he sound that vast sea—
The fathomless eternity?

God through the universe doth shine,
Its order shows His wise design;
The planets, as they ceaseless roll,
Show forth the power that formed the whole:—
To man, creation's voice proclaims
A Great First Cause in loudest strains!

But of His essence none can know, Unless He does the secret show: In vain we search by Nature's light, Mankind in Adam lost their sight; Yea, e'en before his race was run, His sons forgot the Holy One.

Ages passed onward; then the flood, O'er all the highest mountains stood; And swept from earth's polluted face, To hell that atheistic race. And then eight souls, saved by an ark, Again upon earth's shores debark. GOD.

Defection's stream again rolls on, From father passes to the son; Wider its waters are dispersed, Till every trace of truth is lost: Idolatry's dark rites succeed The worship of the Eber-seed.

And through the long dark pagan night,
Man's wisdom vainly sought the light;
To find out who himself had made,
That power which all things did pervade,
Philosophers, earth's wisest men,
The mystery searched, but searched in vain.

What human wisdom failed to scan, God has Himself made known to man: O'er His perfections drawn a veil, Darkly through which He might reveal His glory's uncreated rays; For man would sink beneath their blaze!

Eternity's vast ages roll
Round Him who lives, their centre—soul:
For ever, on His burning throne
God sits, the High and Lofty One;
Himself the fount of life, of light,
His own perfections His delight.

And for their glorious display,
He launched earth in its spacious way;
Time its revolving course began,
Birds, beasts, all creatures, lastly man.
Obedient nature rose and stood:
God saw His work—pronounced it good.

The Eternal Word to man made known His great Creator, end, and crown; Declared His will, to be obeyed, With threats His great injunction laid. But man regarded not His word, His race forsook—forgot their Lord.

The apostasy was now complete,
And mankind at their idols' feet,
When God called Abraham alone,
His worship, will, to him made known:
His altars, sent him forth to rear,
And teach his sons Jehovah's fear.

God greatly multiplied his seed,
Whom famine did to Egypt lead;
Where they in Goshen dwelt secure,
Till Egypt feared their growing power
Its king their sons all doomed to die,
And bitter made their slavery.

God saw their bondage, heard their cry, His time to bring them out drew nigh, And lead them to the promised land, In which His temple hence should stand: Where He would make His glorious rest, Their God; and they, His people blest.

And now breaks forth a brighter morn,
Moses, the man of God, is born.
Here let us pause, in him to see
The noble birth of History!
Its greatest work—its loftiest strain—
E'en God himself, made known to men!

Here inspiration's sacred light
Breaks on the gloom of nature's night!
Then broader spreads its piercing ray,
Chasing from man the gloom away;
Until its sunlight's bright display
Ascends to full meridian day!

To man the Trinity's made known, Elohim's persons, Three-in-One: The Father, and the Eternal Word; With them, the Spirit of the Lord: One God in essence, One in will, Almighty, and unchangeable. Jehovah, self-existent Lord,
Who was—is—will be—God adored;
In whom all creatures move and live,
Who does to all their being give:
He, in whom is life's source alone,
Power and dominion grace His throne.

Jehovah, the Elohim, who
Will mercy, where He will, bestow;
His favour sovereignly display,
And with it temper His just sway;
Gracious, and merciful, and true
To promises and threat'nings too.

Long-suffering, oft He mercy shows
To thousands who transgress His laws;
But by no means from guilt will clear
The soul that does in guilt appear;
Nay, in the ages yet to come,
To children, fathers' sins bring home.

Just, righteous He in all His ways,
With vengeance sinners He repays;
From justice He can never turn,
'Gainst sin, His wrath will ever burn:
The soul that sinneth, it must die,
Or He, who is the truth, must lie!

GOD. 7

A jealous God, who will not share His glory—let no creature dare To claim for idols, creatures, man, The glory of the Glorious One. All worship, honour, glory, give To Him alone, by whom we live.

But with His law did God reveal
How he would sinners' pardon seal—
Transfer their guilt—impute their sin
Unto a Lamb, for them brought in—
A sacrifice who in their stead
Must die, for them His blood must shed.

All men have sinned, and all must die Themselves, or through their Surety. Life is the forfeit—blood the price—No less than this, God's sacrifice. If sin from man be done away, A Surety must his ransom pay.

Moses the tabernacle made,

And with pure gold the ark o'erlaid;

A mercy-seat upon it placed,

With cherubims of glory graced;

Whose shadowing wings o'erspread the place

Where God dwelt as a God of grace.

Veiled from the gaze of sinful man, His holy dwelling none must scan; The high priest only once each year, Sin's offering to His presence bear— The blood, to atone for Israel's race, Bring in to that thrice-holy place.

The law God's holiness declares,
The hatred which to sin He bears;
His justice, which can ne'er pass by
Sin's doer, bearer—he must die.
And execution He will see,
Or God himself must cease to be!

By symbols, types in long array,
It shadowed forth the gospel day;
This truth in varied form portrayed,
To point out One, sin's victim made—
The Lamb slain ere time's course began,
In God's decree, for sinful man.

The Temple's gorgeous display,
The high priest's richly wrought array;
The dazzling court, with gold o'erlaid;
The priests, the costly offerings made:
Through all these symbols faintly shine
God's greatness—majesty divine,

Through prophets, preachers, wise men, seers,
More brightly still the light appears;
His power, by glorious acts declare,
His ceaseless providential care:
Mercy and grace, in glorious lines;
On every page His wisdom shines.

Foreknowledge, counsel, wise design, By prophets told, in strains divine; His changeless essence, and His will, Fixed—is Himself immutable; His love, a circle—endless—vast, Which was—which is—will ever last.

At length appears the glorious day,
Types, shadows, veils, all flee away;
The Sun of Righteousness is risen,
His glorious light spread o'er the heaven:
The outcast sons of heathen night
Rejoice to see the glorious light.

The one great Sacrifice for sin,

The High Priest has to God brought in;

The Lamb slain ere the world began

Is offered up for sinful man;

No other sacrifice remains—

His blood has washed out all sin's stains.

The High Priest, Altar, Sacrifice,
The Surety, and the Ransom-price,
The substance of the law—its types,
Its end, fulfiller of its rites;
The Righteous One, before God's throne,
With His own blood, sin does atone.

'Tis in the Son's more full display God is revealed to worms of clay: His attributes most brightly shine Through incarnation's deep design. Infinite wisdom laid the plan— United God Himself to man!

Eternal Truth, who cannot lie,
Sent to the earth His Son to die.
Justice, that would not even spare
His Son, when He man's sin would bear.
His holiness, when He would smite,
And bruise for sin His soul's delight.

His goodness to a fallen race,
To show to them such matchless grace.
His power, in living words that stayed
Life's ebbing course, all things obeyed:
E'en, at His call, death loosed its prey,
And owned in Him its sovereign's sway!

But love to man's the glorious crown,

The Son from heaven to earth brought down;

Made flesh, with man God deigned to dwell—
O'er mountain-guilt love's billows swell!

"So loved the world, He gave His Son!"

The streams to ocean's depths run on.

But words must fail, and tongue to tell,
The pen to write, and time to dwell
On Him in whom all beings meet,
In whom all glories are replete:

Mountains and oceans boundless lie,
Stretched on throughout eternity.

THE FALL.

In Eden's garden man was placed, By his Creator's word: Sole monarch of the earth possessed, He reigned its sovereign Lord:

Till Satan to that dwelling pure, In malice made his way; Burning man's ruin to ensure, And wrest from Him His sway.

But-in the glorious form he meets,
His Maker's image shines;
In haste the fiend from him retreats,
To plan his black designs.

How can his bitter hate succeed?

How gain its wished for end?

That glory in the dust be laid—

That king his captive chained?

* Note 2.

What weapon can he hope to wield Against that son of light? Uprightness, innocence his shield, And truth his armour bright.

In open warfare all is vain,
Firm stands that stately form:
Some avenue must evil gain
By fraud, not open storm.

Where can this avenue be found?

Or how trace out the way?

Can darkness wave its subtile wand,

And quench the light of day?

Behold! in yonder walk I see
A beauteous form move on!
Who is it? Man's companion she—
His wife, the weaker one.

His glory—she reigns in his love, His help and sweet solace; The pure delights of sense to weave, And deck with every grace.

Soon is the dread resolve made up,
The fair one to assail,
By cunning artifice, in hope
Against man to prevail.

Hid in the serpent's twining folds,

The Tempter issues forth;

And soon hell's mission'ry beholds

Sin's blight spread o'er the earth.

The woman's weakness he assailed,
And in her weakest part;
Her eyes of sense with falsehood veiled,
With pride inflamed her heart.

He turned her eyes from truth's bright light,
To sensuous objects fair;
The liquorish taste, led by the sight,
Ambition took the snare.

A pleasant object to behold,

Her eye gazed with desire;

While of its power the Tempter told,

Sin set her soul on fire.

The eye, the taste, direct the hand,
Ambition prompts the deed;
Heeds not their Maker's sole command,
But plucks sin's poisonous seed.

Unto her husband then she gave:

Ah! with her he must share

Her lot!—that object of his love,

What can with her compare!

From her he took the poisonous fruit,
And ate it to the core:
Hell rung with a triumphant shout—
Satan was conqueror!

But how, we ask, could this be done?

Was man created pure?

Then, how was Satan's victory won?

His triumph made so sure?

Yes—man came from his Maker's hand
A creature pure and fair;
With innocence and truth to stand
Against each deadly snare.

But God made man—the Scripture saith—A creature, by his power:

Perfection, then, no creature hath—Veiled angels it adore.

Perfect's the Great I AM alone Against defection's power: The attribute of the Three-One, God blest for evermore.

With Him is life, from Him the stream
Must flow, or cease to run:
With Him is light, from Him the beam
Must dart, as from the sun.

A compound creature man was formed, With soul, and powers of sense; By God himself with knowledge armed, Against sin's entrance.

Thus man upon his trial starts,

To choose for death or life;

And for a lie, with truth he parts:

Takes for his God—his wife.

Yet conscience, voice of truth, was there— His Maker's high command: But sense could captive take his ear, And truth's clear voice withstand.

A creature—he cannot support
Himself in rectitude;
Must of his being's end fall short—
Defective aims obtrude,

Unless preserved by power divine,
And constant in his view
The one great end—God's glory—shine
In all he think and do.

But left to his created powers,

His race was quickly run;

The sensuous bait his soul o'erpowers,

And he is left undone.

Such was man in his innocence—
Such was his freest choice;
How much worse now, a slave to sense,
In sin he does rejoice!

The strong man armed now keeps his prey,
Or leads them captive forth,
To do his will by night or day,
The grovelling slaves of earth.

Their blinded souls in darkness dwell,—
In ignorance they lie;
Born bond-slaves—heirs of death and hell,
They love their slavery!

The light of truth they cannot see;
The world's their only good:
Rob them of this, their enmity
Will pour forth like a flood.

Swine of the earth, they seek its spoils,—
Its trash—its gilded ore;
And trample on those glorious pearls
Which last for evermore!

Time is to them the one great day,

Eternity is naught:

Madly they rush along its way,

To drink the deadly draught.

Then cry aloud—spare not to call,
Ye champions of free will:
Bring up these bond-slaves from their fall,
Again to choose their fill!

Fools! is not then their choice yet made?

"In Adam all have died:"

And out of Christ, the living head,

They have no choice beside!

Choose what? they know not: death's their life; God's neither known nor sought: They sometimes tremble at his wrath, But soon put off the thought.

Choose life! choose Christ! choose good!—say you.

What! life proceed from death?

The darkened heart see that bright view,

God gives by heaven-born faith?

Will evil choose the good it hates?

Does darkness love the light?

Has Christ for earth-worms such delights

As tempt their sensual sight?

A paradise they fain would have,
As they ere long must die,
In which to dwell beyond the grave,
And that, "their prayers" must buy.

Christ, to prepare for them a place,
Their blind guides oft hold forth;
For them to live in pleasure, ease—
Mahomet knew its worth.

Free will the world has widely charmed,
Its saints in thousands walk:
Where Satan's enmity's disarmed,
Religion is but talk.

Deluded millions, bent to gain

Heaven by their pious work,

Bound down by superstition's chain—

Pope, Pagan, Greek, and Turk—

Pass onward down the stream of time,
Into the vortex vast:—

Man's fall'n race, of every clime,
Sink there—a wreck—at last.

THE RECOVERY.

THE Lord of life and glory came Into a world of sin and shame; Intent to raise a fallen race, And sin's foul blot from earth efface.

But how this wondrous work was done, How death was conquered, life was won, By mortal tongues can ne'er be told. Nor scraphs bright the scene unfold.

Hid in the gloomy shades of night, Withdrawn from sinful creatures' sight, There raged a conflict far more fierce, Than e'er was waged by Adam's race.

He who this world from nothing brought, With evil this dire conflict fought; To death, the strife with death He waged, While all hell's hosts with Him engaged. For man had sinned and man must die, His treasons loud for vengeance cry: He spurned Jehovah from His throne, Intent to mount himself thereon.

He cast God's law behind his back, When from the fatal tree he took The seed of all his offspring's woes, And leagued them with infernal foes.

But soon his Godlike dream is gone, Summoned before Jehovah's throne: "Adam, where art thou?" Justice cries----The culprit from his Maker flies.

Ah! now, of subterfuge bereft, Sin has for thee no refuge left: Truth, justice, holiness combine, Thy soul to endless death consign.

To Satan now a willing slave,
His lawful captive, thee I leave;
Thy powers all chained in darkness lie—
The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

Oh! then a world to death must go, Earth be a slaughter-house of woe! Satan, the foe of God and man, May chant aloud his victory won! But hark! a voice falls on our ears:

It speaks through yonder radiant spheres,
In gentle accents, "Lo, I come,
To stand in that lost sinner's room.

"To do thy will, my joyful part;
O God, thy law is in my heart;
Before time's course had e'er began,
My love was on the sons of man.

"Their nature in due time I'll take, The curse I'll suffer for their sake; On me let all their guilt be laid, By me thy law shall be obeyed."

Eternal wisdom thus decreed To save by Christ a chosen seed; The Son God's servant thus became, That seed from slavery to redeem.

Veiled in our flesh, with us made one, Our nature taken to His own; A stem grown up on Adam's tree, A branch of our humanity.

Behold the Man! as forth he goes
To grapple with man's deadly foes;
See Him in Olives gloomy grove,
And think was e'er such matchless love!

But who that horror deep can tell, Upon His heavenly soul that fell? That heaviness, amazement sore, The grief and pain the sufferer bore?

Why this? what means that trembling frame— That quivering look—that dire alarm? What mean those earnest cries—that prayer, His Father would His sufferings spare?

The hour of darkness now is come, Grim death assails the Holy One; The powers of hell their onset make, And strive His Sonship's faith to shake.

Now, too, our sins in dread array, His spotless soul fill with dismay; That frightful scene of guilt and woe In terror lays the sufferer low.

Upon His guiltless soul they meet, And press Him down beneath their weight; Ah! hear Him to His Father cry— If possible, pass this cup by!

But no, His Father hides His face, And leaves Him in His deep distress; While justice draws His flaming sword, And wrath's full vials on Him poured. He undertook, and must go through The work He came on earth to do; For man, to bear the curse and die, To be made sin—sin to destroy.

Oh! see Him groaning 'neath its load, In agony, and sweating blood! Bruised in the wine-press of God's wrath, And wrestling with the monster death.

Sorrounded by hell's ghastly broad, Forsaken by His Father, God; He now turns to those chosen three, As if to ask their sympathy.

His human soul in all things made Like those whose sins were on Him laid: Sin only, He had never done; And only He could sin atone.

Once and again the sufferer goes, But sleep their sorrowing eyelids close; Could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch, pray against temptation's power.

Ah! weak and worthless is the best
Of Adam's offspring to resist
The poison of the old serpent's breath,
Which sought to sleep their souls to death.

But see the suffering Lamb of God, Obedient to His Father's word; Though quailing nature cries, yet still, He stoops to do His Father's will.

He drains the cup of all its dregs;
Bears for His Church sin's torturing plagues:
The sacrificial Lamb, He goes,
Led to the slaughter by His foes.

Insulted, mocked, and crowned with thorns, Despised, reviled, abused in turns; Bearing our grief, filled with our woes, The victim unto Calvary goes.

And there our curse He 's made to be, Hanging in shame upon the tree; With sinners numbered, in their room, His soul's their sacrifice become.

He pays to Justice the last mite— On Him His Church's sufferings light. For it a full realease procures; Eternal life for it insures.

'Tis finished now—the work is done, Redemption 's for His captives won: Bearing their curse, the victim dies, And God accepts the sacrifice! From the dire conflict with our foes,
Triumphant the Redeemer rose!
He conquered sin, death, hell, the grave,
And ever lives His Church to save.

In triumph see the Conqueror rise, With glory beaming in His eyes! He bursts the barriers of the tomb! Death now is but our passage home!

Ascended to His Father's throne,
Our great High Priest, there to atone;
For us He shows His wounds, His blood—
By them He brings us back to God.

His Spirit to the earth descends, To loose His captives from their chains: From death to raise them, by His power, And reign in them, sin's conqueror.

From the dark night of nature's gloom, He bids his ransomed ones to come; Sinners, e'en of the deepest dye, Are by His precious blood brought nigh.

From every clime, from every shore,
His blood-bought sons and daughters pour;
A goodly seed through all time's race,
Made trophies of His conquering grace.

He clothes them with that glorious dress, His own all-perfect righteousness; Presents them then before the throne Of God, the great Thrice-Holy-One.

Spotless and pure, before His face
They shine in their bright robes of grace:
And chant their everlasting lays,
Unto their great Redeemer's praise.

SIN. *

What is sin? Just look back unto Eden's fair bower, And see the sword flaming, man's race to devour; See man as a fugitive thence wend his way, Driven forth for his sin, o'er earth's wide waste to stray.

What is sin? See the earth that is cursed by its bane,
The thorns and the thistles that spring on its plain;
A recompense sad, for man's sweat and his toil,
To raise thence his bread, while weeds spread o'er its soil.

What is sin? See the beasts that roam over earth's face, Pursuing each other in murderous chase; And fighting, and tearing, and foaming with rage, The stronger in war with the weaker engage.

What is sin? Look at man bowed down to the earth, Scarce a trace of his noble, his glorious birth Is now left in the slave who lives, works in sin's chains, Degraded, sin's slave he now willing remains.

[•] Note 4.

What is sin? Look around o'er our sin-fallen race, The crimes and the guilt which creation deface ! The pain and the sorrow to which man is born, Until to the earth—to its dust he return.

What is sin? Look at God, how he pours forth His wrath. And in flames of His anger the sentence goes forth; See the sword of his justice drawn out of its sheath, To cut down the sinner for sin doomed to death.

What is sin? Look at hell, the abode of the lost, Hear the wailing that echoes from that fearful coast; Separated from God, vessels filled with his wrath, Tormented they live—die an undying death.

What is sin? Look at Jesus, on earth born a man, God from everlasting, ere time's course began; Who humbled Himself, and His glory laid by, To redeem His lost Church, and sin's power destroy.

What is sin? Seek the garden where wrapp'd in night's gloom Sin's black cloud was gathered, its dark hosts were come; There, see how the Mighty One fell 'neath its load, Afflicted, affrighted, pressed down, sweating blood!

What is sin? See the victim, now nailed to that cross,
Who was made sin for man, and for man bore its curse;
Fulfilled the whole law, and its penalty paid,
That sin on His ransomed ones should not be laid.

What is sin? Hear its language: Who—what is the Lord? That I should obey, or keep only His word!—
Should fear all his threat'nings, his dictates fulfil;
No—I'll seek my own pleasure, and do my own will!

What is sin? Who's that inmate in whom you confide, Ever ready in counsel to stand by your side; To point out your pleasure, your profit, your ease, To flatter your pride, or your passions to please?

What is sin? Why your master, who binds you with chains, Sends you forth to his work, gives you death for your pains; Who has blinded your eyes, and perverted your soul; And to hell leads you on, for sin's prize at its goal.

What is sin? Why, a tyrant, against whom man's power Is futile and vain in temptation's dark hour; Who plays on the senses, with wiles lures the will, And spite resolution, his captive keeps still.

What is sin? 'Tis a monster of unnatural birth, Argus-eyed, hydra-headed, from hell come to earth: Deformed and distorted, misshapen and vile, Its touch is contagion, death sits in its smile.

What is sin? What! you know not the source of your woes, The plague of your life, and your direst of foes; Whose cup's filled with gall, and the poison of asps Lies under its lying, its honey-spread lips? What is sin? Oh, I shudder! its weight bears me down! Wrath's fierce storm is gathering, my soul it will drown! Lord, save me, I perish!—Lord Jesus, O see! Snatch my soul from the flames! bring it safe home to thee!

ELECTION.*

Lone ere this globe rolled into space,

Ere light had dawned on night's domain,
God chose the objects of His grace,

A seed which should His own remain.

In council then, the Eternal Three

To each had pledged their word and oath,
And sealed the omnipotent decree,

Alehim's glory to set forth.

The Father called the eternal Son,

The first, the head o'er all to be:
Gave Him a seed, by sin undone,

That He from sin might set them free.
He undertook the work to do,

To raise them from their ruined state;
To bring His sons all conquer'rs through,

Himself their sins to expiate.

[•] Note 5.

The Spirit, too, engaged His part,

To carry on the work of grace;

To raise from sin, new life impart,

In Jesus show God's loving face.

Within each chosen soul to dwell,

And make with them His fixed abode:

Of grace, to be their springing well,

And bring them safely home to God.

Adoption for the chosen heirs,
Infinite wisdom then ordained—
In life's fair book each name appears,
A glorious progeny reclaimed.
By Jesu's blood, washed from their sins;
Brought by His Spirit through life's snares
O'er earth, sin, death, each victory wins—
The palm to heaven in triumph bears!

A holy seed, born from above,
Predestinated then to be
The objects of the Father's love,
In Jesus all His glories see.
Raised in His gracious image, shine,
Display the riches of His grace:
Luxuriant branches of the vine,
Which bloom beneath His smiling face.

'Tis not the mighty, not the great,
God chose to make His glorious heirs,
For few of noble, rich estate,
Within heaven's pearly gate repairs.
'Tis not the righteous,* not the wise,†
Election points to joys on high:
The Pharisee God doth despise,
Earth's wealth and wisdom passes by.

The poor and needy, sin-sick soul,

The humble trembler, smitten, sad:

'Tis such Christ seeks, and makes them whole—
His grace their wounded heart makes glad.

'Tis these who hail the glorious sound,
Election's music, in their ears;

Though lost, they're sought by God and found,
His love has drowned their sins, their fears.

On Calvary, Christ paid down their debt— Their Scape-goat bore their sins away: With earth and hell against them set, What charge can now against them lay?

[•] In their own eyes, by their own duties and supposed godly life.

[†] In worldly wisdom, or mere theoretical knowledge of doctrinal Christianity.

Jesus, their Mighty One to save,

Has met and vanquished all their foes

Despoiled sin's power, death's sting, the grave,

To heaven in triumph for them rose

THE GOSPEL.*

THE Gospel—'tis a joyful sound,
That tells in Jesus all is found
Which man by disobedience lost;
Bought back for him, at countless cost.

God's favour he had thrown away, When in that sad and direful day He took of the forbidden fruit, Of all his offspring's woes the root.

The death that followed on his deed, It shows how man from it is freed: The life he forfeited by sin, Again redemption brings him in.

A Testament it opes to view,
Which does the God of glory show;
As bound by oath, a seed to save,
And bring them conquerors o'er the gravé.

• Note 6.

It shows how He who reigns on high, Had willed His Son for man should die; How He their sins and griefs should bear, That they might in His glory share.

It shows how He—earth's Sovereign Lord— To be their God, has pledged His word; To write His laws upon their heart, Nor let them from Himself depart.

The means which must these ends insure,
The gospel shows are all secure;
For in the fulness of His grace,
His promises reach every case.

His Spirit from on high He'll pour, Descending in a fruitful shower, His voice call o'er the tomb of sin, Sleeper, arise!—thy life begin!

Sin's mountains shall before Him fall; Its outcast wanderers hear His call: The dead in sin to life shall rise; And joy replace the mourner's sighs,

The Shepherd shall seek out the lost, And save them to the uttermost; The Ransomer their debt shall pay; The High Priest wash their sins away. The Judge their sentence shall declare: In Christ, His ransomed righteous are; Jesus the law's demands fulfilled, His righteousness to sinners willed.

To sinners of the deepest dye,
The gospel brings salvation nigh;
The vilest wretches out of hell
May see their names its records swell.

The profligate, the debauchee, The hypocrite, more vile than he; The ruined, helpless, and undone, May all to this last refuge run!

For them the gospel does provide,
For every ill which can betide;
On them its gifts are freely poured,
Freely its blessings on them showered.

Repentance, for their sin to mourn, Its vileness hate, and from it turn; Faith, unto Jesu's blood to fly, Grace, at His mercy-seat to lie.

Life for the dead, health for the sick; Eyes for the blind, strength for the weak; Pardon for guilt, faith to believe In Jesus, and all grace receive. Strength for the weary and the faint, Comfort for each dejected saint; Balm for their wounds, and healing leaves For all sin's bruises, faith receives.

Rest for the outcast wanderers, come At length to find a peaceful home, Safe landing on a blissful shore, Where pain and death shall be no more.

Grace that shall keep the young through life, To wage with sin a deadly strife: Grace that shall snatch, in life's last hour, The hoary head from Satan's power.

Peace which the world can never give, Shall be theirs who on Jesus live, Security, and endless joy, And bliss when death himself shall die!

All works, conditions, here are naught; Christ has the whole for sinners bought: 'Tis mercy raises from sin's deep, Seeks out, brings back the wand'ring sheep.

The do and live—the law's demands—Fulfilment meet at Jesu's hands;
All that is needful He supplies—
The willing mind, the seeing eyes.

The gospel says, 'tis true, Believe; Repent, and God will you receive: It also saith, Both I will give. First born of God—then to Him live.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

How can man e'er be just with God,
Now fallen, foul, sunk down in sin?
How can he 'scape His vengeful rod,
Or e'er his Judge's favour win?
Stern Justice on the judgment seat,
Demands obedience to His law;
In motive, act, word, thought, complete
And ceaseless, without stain or flaw.

Unerring purity has passed

A righteous sentence on man's race:

For sin, to death the whole has cast,

To perish in their deep disgrace.

Who can reverse His righteous act?

Or change for man His changeless will?

For none one jot will He retract;

Man broke, man must the law fulfil.

[•] Note 7.

No righteousness has he to bring,
Or plead before his Maker's bar;
All clothed in rags, an unclean thing,
More vile than e'en his dunghills are.
Barred in his way to life by works,
No will, no power has he to do;
While in his heart sin's venom lurks,
And poisons all his actions too.

Thus in his dungeon, dark and foul,

Condemned, he waits his fearful doom;

While sin's grim furies round him howl,

Or lusts' wild fires light up the gloom.

'Till lo! a ray of light divine

Pierces within those prison walls;

Upon their wretched inmate shine.

A voice in thunder to him calls:

Where art thou, sinner? rebel, hear!

Stern justice has pronounced thy doom;
The executioner is near—
But lo! sweet mercy takes his room.
An Advocate appears to show
Cause why he cannot be condemned;
For justice must the claim forego,
Paid for the sinner by his friend.

The Advocate proceeds to show

The canceling, writ with His blood;

Demands the prisoner free should go,

For in his place Himself had stood.

Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,

He bore his load of sins away;

By blood did for his guilt atone,

In death his penalty difl pay.

He laid in open court the deed,
Sealed, witnessed, legal proved to be:
A pardon Justice then decreed,
The prisoner from all claims set free.
A title then for him was found,
To life—to everlasting joy—
A pure white robe, with crimson bound—
A righteousness to meet God's eye.

No counsel can dispute his right

For him the law has been fulfiled:

Made righteous in his Judge's sight,

To him God has the kingdom willed.

A pardon grace now brings him in,

His chains falls off, his shackles burst;

No more the pinioned slave of sin,

Or in its condemnation cursed.

The hand of faith accepts the deed
Of gift, dyed with his Saviour's blood;
The eye sees who that gift decreed,
The heart believes He'll make it good.
The lips His matchless merey tell;
The feet turn to his righteous ways;
The soul, like to a springing well,
O'erflows with love, and joy, and praise!

Faith justifies the sinful soul,

From condemnation sets it free;

Not for its set, in part or whole,

As instrument it's called to be.

Its act, its power, its prayer, its will,

Are no conditions in God's sight:

Christ all conditions does fulfil,

In Him the sinner finds his right.

Faith is itself God's gift—His grace
Wrought by the Spirit in the soul;
Which sees in Christ God's gracious face,
A sight which makes the sinner whole.
A messenger by God dispatched,
To bring the sinner's pardon home;
To whom such honour is attached,
That righteousness through him does come.

Faith boasts not of its power or deeds,
Or goodness in its acts beholds;
But man unto a Saviour leads,
The fulness of His grace unfolds.
Its eye upon its object fixed,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain;
Before that glorious sight transfixed,
It counts as trash what men count gain.

No prayers, no tears, repentance, wills,

This great salvation can obtain,

Which spring from nature's muddy rills,

While man's bowed down beneath sin's chain.

Almighty grace the bonds must loose,

The Strong Arm set the prisoner free:

Till then, his will but death can choose—

Till then, Truth's light he cannot see.

FLESH AND SPIRIT.*

FORMED of the earth, with earthly things entwined,
On earth, man hopes his happiness to find:
Groveling, he seeks to grasp the dazzling prize,
Until within the earth entombed he lies.
His fallen nature, sordid, sensual, blind,
Sees not the darkness brooding o'er the mind:
His sense no good, no higher bliss can see,
Than sordid lusts, his being's end to be.

'Tis thus, dark Atheism's deadly root,
Whose branches bear in man sin's sensual fruit:
His passions, pride, ambition, avarice, vice,
His appetites to please, his lusts suffice.
A sovereign, for himself alone to reign,
Omnipotence must not his course restrain;
No laws, his will supreme must e'er control,
While Satan rules by worldly lusts his soul.

Such is man's picture—such the state of all Our mortal race, since our first father's fall. Our earthly nature earthy still remains;
Till death, its worldly sensual lust retains.
But grace breaks in upon sin's sovereign sway,
And fierce the conflict's waged from day to day:
No rest, no peace, no end unto the strife,
Till the vile body yields its mortal life.

The seed of incorruption sown within,
Grows up, to crucify the power of sin;
To mortify the flesh, its lusts lay low;
Keep ceaseless watch against the treach'rous foe.
Born from on high, with higher, nobler ends,
The heaven-born soul by faith to God ascends;
Sees his perfections, glory, grace, and love,
And soaring, longs to dwell with Him above.

Sees there his Father's face, with rapturous joy,
His sins, his wanderings, all in love pass by:
His glorious Intercessor, Priest, and King,
His soul into his Father's presence bring.
Crowned with unfading glory, join the song
Which rises from the ransomed countless throng,
Redeemed from earth, washed, clothed in robes of white,
And God himself their everlasting light.

Earth's transient objects quickly fade from aight,
When grace breaks up the gloom of nature's night;
When God's perfections burst upon the view,
Eclipsing all earth's wealth and pleasures too.
When mounting from this speck in fleeting time,
Faith soars unto eternity sublime;
To heights infinite, glory's depths profound:
Leaves there earth's glory, faded, tarnished, drowned!

PERSEVERANCE.*

Who can change the Unchangeable's will?

His oath to His Church set aside?

The malice of Satan fulfil?

Rob Jesus at last of His Bride?

Make love everlasting forego

Its objects, and from them depart?

Its mercy no longer to show—

No longer its grace to impart?

The fountain of love cease to flow—
The streams from their source cease to run?
Extinguished, its fire cease to glow—
Its ray cease to dart from the sun?
Its pulse with delight cease to beat?
Its liking for like cease to share?
Its loved one with fury to greet,
And brand her it once called its fair?

* Note 9.

Blot out the Eternal's decrees?

Omnipotence hurl from His throne?

The crown from Jehovah to seize?

His jewels to Satan be thrown?

The Husband to cast off the wife?

The Father the children to leave?

Erase their birth-title to life—

Their faith in their heirship deceive?

No angel, no power from on high,

No hosts of foul fiends from the deep,

The faith of the saints can destroy,

Or sever from Jesus His sheep.

No sins, let whate'er be their hue;

No guilt, though of guilt's deepest dye;

Complacent for ever, love's view

Sees but to wash out, and pass by.

No trials, afflictions, distress;

No troubles on life's stormy main;

The sword, peril, want, nakedness,

Or counted as sheep to be slain;

The world, with its scoffs and its scorn,

Its fierce persecutors' fell rage:

O'er all, on love's wings they are borne—

More than conquerors, pass from the stage!

Nor death can e'er sever their souls,
Or bring them to hell's drear abode;
Omnipotence all things controls,
His saints will waft o'er its dark road.
Made fast to eternity's throne,
Love's bond does in Jesus unite:
The ransomed, the Ransomer, one—
God's portion, desire, and delight.

THE BETROTHAL.

From glory's inaccessive light,

To earth, the Son of God came down;
To seek out there his soul's delight—

A Bride, with Him to share His crown,
He found her in the depths of sin,
Condemned—a prisoner left to die:
He gave His life, her life to win,
His blood, His Bride's release to buy.

Unconscious of her lost estate,

Beneath her guilt she helpless lay;

He opened wide her prison gate,

And brought her to the light of day.

He cleansed her from her guilty stains,

With blood drawn from His riven side;

With water washed out sin's remains,

And then betrothed her as His Bride.

THE BRIDE.

The Bride!—that glorious sight behold,

Now clad in royal robes on high;

With gems all decked, and crown of gold,

With whom e'en angels cannot vie!

Oh! see the glory of that dress!

A texture wrought by hands divine—

Her Husband's perfect righteousness,

In which she shall for ever shine!

And see her own fair glorious form,

Now burst into immortal bloom!

Now raised above sin's withering storm,

Corruption's left within the tomb.

How pure and free from spot or stain!

Eternal youth beams in her face:

Throughout eternity to reign,

The life—the soul of every grace!

Made ready for her nuptial day,

The glorious consummation come;
Enthroned above yon starry way,
In glory's everlasting home.

Her Husband takes her to Himself,
His dearly loved one now to be:
His wife—the sharer of His wealth—
One with Him through Eternity!

FREE WILL.

FREE WILL was born of Enmity and Pride:
Brought up by Ignorance, and school'd by Hate:
Whose will Jehovah's power must override,
That it may be enthroned in Godlike state.—
As God, reign independent, sovereign—sway
Man's destiny, and all his courses choose;
Either to life, to walk the man-made way,
Or all God's grace indignantly refuse.

The Omnipotent must come before its throne,

To bow and ratify its sovereign will—

To save, to damn, cast off, take on, to own

Its high decrees, nor fail them to fulfil!

Must wait a servant at His creature's beck,

Who yearns to bless them, would they grace receive:

But sovereign will his grace and love can check,

In disappointment all His wishes leave.

^{*} Note 10.

Thus raised above all power, in glorious state,

Its votaries their solemn homage pay—
The will, the power of God the uncreate,

Before the shrine of this base idol lay!
This paganism in a Christian form,

Which from apostate Rome has made its way—
This creature-worship Protestants perform,

Unblushing, in the light of gospel-day!

A Dagon-idol, reared in Britain's land,
Its unsuspecting, careless sons to lead
Back to dark ignorance's gloomy strand—
Of Popery, to sow the deadly seed.
The freedom of the mind to lay in chains;
By priestly wiles, lead to the fatal lure:
Until the Holy Church its power regains—
The Inquisition makes its victims sure!

MODERN EVANGELISTS.

CHURCHES AND THE CHURCH.

I MET a saint of modern times,
How placid was his face!
His looks told out in plainest lines,
His consciousness of grace.

A saint one well might pause to view, Rapt in scraphic thought, Of all the good his heart could show, With heavenly treasure fraught!

Consistent with such heavenly views,

His steps below appear;

Spurns from his feet earth's dusky hues,

And glides above its care.

A paradise beneath this sun, Such holiness might buy! The earnest when his race is run, Of everlasting joy! Glide softly, smoothly on, dear man, And sweetly tell to all, That Jesus Christ on Calvary won Salyation from the fall.*

Let not the changes, oft the lot Of godly men below, For once disturb thy placid thought, As though thou wert not so!

See how His bounteous providence
With blessings thee surrounds;
Take these in faith's full confidence,
His love to thee abounds!

Oft as the chiming bell thee calls
With sweetness to hold forth,
Cease not within those sacred walls,
To tell of wisdom's worth.

"Oh! Wisdom's ways are pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace:
Those favoured ones who this confess,
Shall from their troubles cease."

Narrative preaching, without application or personal discrimination, called by some, "simple apostolic preaching."

With carriage, horses, equipage,
And stately mansion reared,
From all earth's cares a full discharge,
By ample income cleared.

And then the favoured lot so sweet,
Drawn by such cords of love;
Into those precincts pure retreat,
And think of joys above.

For whom reserved? "The righteous; sure!—
Brethren, be not deceived!
He that can live so good, so pure,
A saint must be believed.

• These things are not necessarily evils in themselves, nor incompatible with the character of a Christian Minister, where his station in life is such as renders them requisite or suitable to him. But my intention is to point out how easy it is for persons so circumstanced, to appear, and think themselves, very pioussanctified characters: being comfortably removed from those struggles and temptations in life, which bring out to the view of themselves and others, those evil principles of an unchanged heart, which temporal prosperity oft lulls to sleep, or substitutes some more refined gratification for, over which fashionable society draws a pious veil. Instead of such persons concluding these temporal good things are marks of God's gracious favour, they have the more need to examine and enquire, whether they are using them as not abusing them-finding their rest in themreceiving their portion in this life, while deceived by Satan and their own hearts, with the vain hope of happiness in the next also.

- "And for the saints, the promise is
 This life and that to come—
 The joys of each they must possess,
 On both sides of the tomb.
- "Trouble's the lot of wicked men,
 Rebels to God's commands:
 The Church's warnings they disdain,
 And burst its silken bands.
- "Tis true, His saints God does chastise:
 Their servants vex them sore;
 And friends, and business, each annoys,
 And tries them to the core.
- "Or sad affliction is their lot,

 Beneath its stroke they mourn;

 Or trembling sip its bitter draught,

 While tenderest ties are torn.
- "A husband, or sweet child is gone,
 Parents, or friends most dear;
 Perhaps left on earth a lonely one,
 To shed the burning tear.
- "Too much upon these gifts, their heart
 Had long been wont to dwell;
 And now with them they're called to part,
 They feel their dangerous spell.

- "But soon the darkness will disperse— Light's for the righteous sown; Their Father hides His countenance, But only seems to frown.
- "They shall come forth bright as the sun,
 And pleasures gild their path;
 Sweetly their Christian race to run,
 Safe from the fear of wrath."*

To spinsters, dowagers, old maids,
And ignorant, senseless souls,
With whom the train of fortune's laid,
Wisdom her way unfolds.

And tells of charity and love,
And all such kind of thing;
The fruits of grace sent from above,
Choice sacrifice to bring.

Sweet smelling savour, both on high, And to the Church below, Who this blest sacrifice employ, The seeds of truth to sow.

• These trials, which are the common lot of humanity, can never be marks of God's fatherly chastisements, or the Christian character of the sufferer, unless special grace attend them, bringing the sufferer out of them, and everything else—their own supposed piety included—as broken-hearted sinners to the Lord Jesus, for salvation, consolation, and everlasting blessedness.

To teach to erring, wandering man,
Obedience to the laws
Of God, and Church, and clergyman,
And love their sacred cause.

"Oh! set out in this Christian course, Ye unbelieving souls; And count that all things are but loss, But what the Church upholds!

"Its ministers point out the way,
That leads to heavenly bliss:
Led on by them, you ne'er can stray,
Nor your salvation miss."

Thus smoothly on the shepherd leads

His flock to pastures green;

And with them, through the flowery meads,

Flows fortune's stream screne.

Blest by such influence, soft and sweet,
Their graces pure become:
And faith assures them they are meet
For heaven's eternal home.

Oh! sweet to human ears the tale—With consolation fraught—
That beds of down can safely sail,
Nor fail to reach the port.

Old Adam, dressed in robes made up By evangelic skill, Can meet Jehovah's searching look, Without the fear of ill.

Sweet tempers, countenances smooth,
In chastened tone and phrase;
Constant professions of their love
To Jesus and his ways:

His people dear, his worship pure— Most orthodox their strain— With pious words and looks demure, The love they entertain

For Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend,
In whom they do believe,
And hope to heaven they shall ascend,
And He their souls receive;

And there to live in ease and peace, Safe both from pain and death, Where troubles will for ever cease— Makes up their humble faith.

• It must not be supposed that I mean this counterfeit of living Christianity is the distinctive peculiarity of a section of the Established Church, either large or small, because it was prominently brought before me at the time of writing the above, by persons in that communion. So far from that, it is rather one of Thus far this Christian course. But wee!

Tell not the tale in Gath!

That Israel's sons God's truth forego,

To gain earth's paltry wealth!

That for a period, less or more,
Of three score years and ten,
Ease, and earth's glittering, gilded ore,
The reverence of men,

Are sought before the eternal truth
Of God—most high, most wise;
Who will award eternal death
To those that Him despise;

Who bolster up the hypocrite,
And preach peace, pleasing views,
To those whose words proclaim their state,
As senseless as their pews.

These guides from heaven, these lights of earth,
Their influence can employ,
To sadden those for whom, God saith,
Remains eternal joy.

the religious characteristics of the present age; the spirit of which may be observed throughout the professing community, modified by the different circumstances of sectarian influence by which it is surrounded. The Scripture shows the way of life Through tribulations sore; While that to everlasting death, With ease is traveled o'er.

Beware, ye blinded guides, beware—
Ye nice smooth-speaking men—
Whose words blind ignorant souls ensnare,
As if heaven was for them.

God hath prepared, so saith the Word,
A people for Himself:
Their stay's that glorious name—the Lord,
Omnipotence their wealth.

Before old time his course began,
Or earth's foundations laid,
For them Jehovah's glorious plan—
The covenant, was made.

And sealed and ratified by oath,

The everlasting deed;

To save the promised seed from wrath,

The Alchim had decreed.

The Father gave them to His Son, Choice object of His love; By marriage ties he made them one, To reign enthroned above.

F

And them to bring from ruin's deep—
The misery of the fall—
The Son to mortal worms did stoop,
Upon His Father's call.

For them He lived, for them He died,
And paid their ransom price—
"'Tis finished!" on the cross He cried—
Perfect's the sacrifice.

The captives, with a mighty hand,
I'll bring from death's dark cave;
They shall come forth a glorious band,
Triumphant o'er the grave.

My voice shall raise them from the tomb
Of sin and death's dark night:
Arise, ye sleeping souls, and come,
I am your life, your light!

My Father's gift, to bring you forth
Into the light of day;
To ope blind eyes, to teach you truth,
To show to heaven the way.

And now on earth my work is done,

Crushed is the spoiler's power;

The victory's gained, the trophy's won;

The sting of death's no more!

Father, to thee I now ascend;

Keep through thine own blest name
Those thou hast given me, defend
From evil's deadly aim.

I pray not thou should'st take them hence, But keep them by thy power— Shield them by thy Omnipotence, In every trying hour.

While tossed on tribulation's sea,
Amidst its rage and roar;
While passing o'er its fiery way,
Or through its scorching shower.

Not of the world, I send them forth,
The seeds of truth to sow,
'Midst hatred, persecution, strife—
The world their constant foe.

Oh, sanctify them by thy truth;
Show forth thy glorious power;
In them complete the work of faith—
The world's sure conqueror.

Father, I will that where I am

My ransomed Church should be,
When their last enemy's o'ercome,
And all my glory see;

And dwell with me, and I in thee,

The Church with us made one—

To shine throughout eternity,

Resplendent as the sun!

THE EVIL HEART.

Who can describe that gulf of sin—
Pollution's deep—the heart within?—
Those sinful thoughts—those base desires—
Those vile affections—lustful fires:
Those turbid waters, black and foul;
The storms which o'er its billows howl:
The restless heaving of its waves—
The monsters of its gloomy caves?

Who can drag to the light of day

The fiends that on our vitals prey?

That hell which ceaseless burns within,

And vomits forth its streams of sin?—

That dread volcano's burning stream,

Which soon puts out frail virtue's gleam?—

That marshaled host of mortal foes,

The murderers of man's repose?

[•] Note 11.

Man's self, armed for the deadly strife Against himself, with vengeance rife, To sacrifice himself to sin, That hell he may securely win!

Leagued with his murderers, he goes—
Counts as his friends his deadly foes—
To run a race, where death's the goal, The prize—damnation of his soul.

Hence murders, treasons, hatred, strife, Vile plots against their victim's life:
Ambition, avarice, and pride,
Whose self-love over all would ride.
The covetous, whose love of gain,
No human law can e'er restrain;
The earth-worm raking still for wealth,
Nor cares how—honest or by stealth.

Lust for the flesh, lures for the eye,
Creep out from this polluted sty;
Idolatry with these entwined,
To fascinate or blind the mind.
The ceaseless search for pleasures vain,
The drunkenness to drown sin's pain,
The revellings, and fiend-like joys—
All from this fatal fountain rise.

Such is the fruit of Adam's fall,
The entail-deed he made for all
His sons, unto time's latest hour
Conveyed them down, sin's fatal power.
He left them, all their strength decayed,
Their eyes put out, and prisoners made:
Heirs born to wrath, by sin laid low,
Condemned to death and endless woe.

But matchless grace for man came in,
To wrest him from the grasp of sin;
To loose him from its prison vile,
And God unto him reconcile:
To clothe him with Truth's armour bright,
To wage with sin a ceaseless fight;
And with him to the conquest go,
To conquer for him—in him too!

Jesus, omnipotent to save,
Ceaseless I would thy mercy crave,
To guard me 'gainst sin's fearful power—
Be with me in temptation's hour.
Oh, let me see thy lovely face!—
Pour on my soul rich showers of grace.
Oh, could I from all sin depart,
And only thou have all my heart!

REGENERATION.

OH, see the kindness, see the love,
By God our Saviour shown!
To bring back lost rebellions man,
His rightful Lord to own.
When sunk in misery and sin,
A slave to Satan's thrall,
'Tis then the love of God appears,
In grace's powerful call.

'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Oh no! the best have none;
'Tis everlasting love, made known
To us through Christ alone.
His Spirit, sent into our hearts,
To wash from sin's foul stain—
Regenerate our souls—and then
With us through life remain.

• Note 12. Titus iii. 4, 5.

In us abundantly display

His gifts and power divine;
Our souls in righteousness array,

For evermore to shine.

Thus, being justified and saved

Alone by His free grace,

We're made the heirs of endless life—

A heavenly, royal race.

And though on earth we're still to walk,
With sins and sorrows pressed,
In hope we'll rise, by faith we'll soar,
To Jesus our sweet rest.
Till, called from hence, the strife is done—
The warfare all is o'er;
We pass to our eternal home,
To sigh and sin no more.

REPENTANCE.*

REPENTANCE is a grace divine,

Wrought by the Spirit's mighty power,

Which does the sinful heart incline,

To grieve and weep its vileness o'er:

To mourn o'er all that ghastly train

Of evils rooted in the heart;

To cry and pray against their reign,

While suffering sore their baneful smart.

The pardoned traitor brought to see

His Sovereign's Son condemned to die,

That he—the rebel, might go free,

His sin upon that sufferer lie.

The nail-bound, blood-stained, feet and hands;

The reeking of that pierced side:

Aghast with grief and shame he stands,

To see his Saviour crucified!

The bitter, deadly hate sprung up
Against his Saviour's mortal foe:
A mourning o'er that bitter cup
Of sin, drank by the man of woe.
A look of love, with sorrow mixed,
Upon that gashed and thorn-bound face:
Within his heart, the cross transfixed,
Its sinful objects to efface.

The new-born soul's first heavenward cry,
Ere yet full consciousness has dawned:
The sin-pressed bosom's bitter sigh,
By instinct of its danger warned.
The trembling of that child of light,
While in sin's cold and deadly air;
Its shrinking from the fatal blight,
Its flying from the treacherous snare.

The filial cry, sped on love's wings,
Unto a Father's heart above;
Which all its fear and trouble brings,
And pours into that fount of love.
A longing for the happy day,
When bursting through the wintry gloom,
The Sun of Righteousness' bright ray
Shall make the barren desert bloom.

The trembling stripling called to arm,
And fight against his Sovereign's foes;
Whose ghastly bunds his fears alarm,
Yet onward to the field he goes.
The Heavenly Banner now unfurled,
His Captain's steps he follows on;
Till thence he sees hell's legions hurled;
The conflict o'er—the victory won!

A princely gift, sent from on high,
Out of the Medistor's store,
His ransomed Children to bring nigh,
On them His royal robe spread o'er;
And show them all His Father's will,
His gift—that weight of glory vast;
And lead them from time's failing rill,
To springs which shall for ever last.

THE RETURNING SINNER.*

O Lord, oppressed with sin and shame, Before thy throne of grace I fall; In mercy hear through Jesu's name, A worthless sinner's feeble call.

Far from thy ways my feet have strayed,
And wandered on o'er heath and moor;
Till prostrate by my sins I'm laid,
An outcast at despair's dark door.

Oh! wilt thou hear me now I call?

In pity see my deep distress?

And take away this cup of gall—

This load that does my soul oppress?

Thou didst in days of old look down,
And save rebellious Israel's race;
And can my sins thy mercy drown—
For ever hide thy gracious face?

* Note 14.

Thy Son from heaven to earth came down,
For sinners vile to shed His blood:
Oh, let thy grace that mercy crown,
And wash me in that crimson flood!

Thou art my last, my only hope,
All other hopes my soul have fled;
For thee in sin's dark night I grope,
While death's black pall hangs o'er my head.

Oh, could I hear that gracious word,

My sins in Jesu's blood are drowned!—

My guilt unto that Lamb transferred—

My name upon His breast-plate found!

Lord, wilt thou for thine own great name,

Look down in mercy, sovereign—free?

Remove my load of guilt and shame,

And save me—make me like to thee?

Break in my soul sin's hated power;
Renew thy grace from day to day;
Oh! save me in temptation's hour;
Through life, in death be thou my stay.



CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

THE World!—Oh cease! Deceitful world!

'Tis thus thy votaries all are hurled!

Thy lusts and pleasures end in pain,

Thy brightest prospects all are vain—

What is the world to me!

The World!—O hated thought! I turn,
While fury does my bosom burn!
Oh, that I never had been born!
Or from the breast by death been torn!
What is the world to me!

A criminal, condemned to die,

Despairing in my cell I lie;

No ray of light—no cheering hope;

My strength is failing, spirits droop—

What is the world to me!

The Judge my sentence has declared, For me eternal fire 's prepared. Oh! that in death my soul could die, Or from my Maker's vengeance fly! What is the world to me!

Oh! could I now weep tears of blood, What would avail the crimson flood? The world—its joys, were my delight; But now death opens on my sight—

What is the world to me!

From Sinai's mountain—Oh, the roar!—What storms of wrath in torrents pour!
'Midst lightnings, thunders, curses fly,
On the ungodly soul to lie—

What is the world to me!

Oh! where for safety can I look?

Rocks! mountains! could I find some nook

To hide me from the Judge's sight!

O fiends! death! hell!—eternal night!—

Pale, shivering in the arms of death,
With fluttering pulse, and quivering breath;
Once more in time the eyelids ope:
A whisper, sigh—can there be hope?

What is the world to me!

What is the world to me!

Hope—hope! that word!—again they close.

O death! Oh, could I find repose

Again (like lightning's glare) I see!—

'Tis Jesus bleeding on the tree—

What is the world to me!

Oh! could I—would He hear my prayer?
Oh! fain I would His sufferings share;
Would He but cast one gracious look,
I could rejoice though all forsook—
What is the world to me!

But hark! What are those silver tones?—
'Tis music from celestial zones!

A voice!—"Poor trembling sinner, see,
I came to live, to die for thee."—

What is the world to me!

What, me?—an outcast, vile and base,
Who down to hell had run my race?
What! fixed thy love on worthless me?
Oh! let me thine for ever be—
What is the world to me!

O love beyond all human thought,
My soul thy sacred flame has caught!
Oh! could I speak with tongues divine!
Jesus—dear Saviour, thou art mine—
What is the world to me.

Oh, take me to thy loving heart,

Nor let me from thee e'er depart:

O Saviour! make me like to thee,

That where thou art I too may be—

What is the world to me!

The world! Oh, make me to it die;
The world unto me crucify.
The world! Lord, let me share thy cross:
The world! I count it all but dross—
What is the world to me!

HUMILITY.*

HUMILITY is not a flower
In nature's parterre found,
But springs from grace's fruitful shower,
Upon celestial ground.

Planted by God's right hand, it blooms
A feeble flower to view;
Exotic, droops amidst time's glooms,
Nor half its beauties show.

The native of a brighter clime,
On earth it sickly grows;
Bows meekly while the blasts of time
Nip many a blooming rose.

Pale flower! See how like aspen leaf
It flutters in the breeze!
In pensive silence, tells a grief
The worldling never sees.

• Note 15.

The chastened soul bows to the stroke,
And weeps beneath the rod:
For sin, the trembling heart is broke,
And mourns before its God.

Unheeded, on the world pass by, Or only stop to scorn The lowly one, whose plaintive cry On scraph's wings is borne!

The lowly and the contrite soul,
Oh! who can tell the price?
On earth, what else, from pole to pole,
Has God e'er made His choice?

When gleams of sunshine's cheering ray Burst from the wintry sky, She lifts her gentle head to say, She lives here but to die.

Oh! why dwell on the ills of time, Or seek its fading joys? There is a brighter, lovelier clime, Beyond this bleak world lies!

Oh yes! though drooping here below, Transplanted, she shall shine; 'Neath purer skies her beauties show; Then lasting and divine!

LOVE.

A SPARK, shot from the fount of light,
In mortal bosom dropped to burn;
A flame, lit by the God of might,
To rise—and to its source return.
A lamp, hung in the fearful gloom,
Of nature's dark and dreary night;
To light the wanderer to the tomb—
Beyond it spread its cheering light.

A living stream, that softly flows
Out from its fountain-head on high;
With peaceful murmurings wandering goes,
While winds waft up its gentle sigh.
Through plains or vales, in shade and sun,
Through crags or rocks, its waters pour;
Unto its ocean rippling run,
Till lost in bliss for evermore!

• Note 16.

A rain-drop, in the mire-lodged shell,
Which ocean's surging waters drown;
Sought out a monarch's pomp to swell,
The priceless jewel of his crown!
A treasure, hid beneath the earth,
Its value, lustre, lie concealed:
The Hider only knows its worth—
Its glory yet is unrevealed!

A lowly Bride, betrothed to One
Whose love's far dearer than her life!
Called forth to distant lands, He's gone,
Yet still she trusts to be His wife.
And who the hopes and fears can tell,
Which struggle oft within her breast?
The love which does her bosom swell?
The grief by which her soul's oppressed?

The heaving breast—the bitter sigh
Of one whose soul for sin o'erflows:
The restless, longing, ceaseless cry;
The bursting heart surcharged with woes.
But with'ring hopes, like smoking flax,
Anon send up a glimmering ray;
Its flame shall brighter, hotter wax,
And shine unto the perfect day!

Desire, its object to obtain,

Longing the happy day to see,

When it the much sought prize shall gain—
The treasure, with it safely be.

The loved One locked within its arms,
And from them never to depart;

While ravished with immortal charms,
Their loveliness absorbs the heart!

A mirror, placed by hands divine,
In which the eye of faith can see
The Mediator's glory shine,
And to His likeness rise to be.
A seal, pressed on the yielding soul,
Christ's image, ever there to dwell;
Till love shall reach its wished for goal,
His presence shall its bosom swell!

Above the fading things of time,

Love's longings up to heaven aspire;
Beyond earth's cold and cheerless clime
It soars, to find its soul's desire.
For ever shall its flame burn on,
And as eternal ages roll,
With God himself, by love made one,
Shall ever rest the love-sick soul!

Love's conquering, all-subduing power,
Can melt or heal the wounded heart:
Of all God's gifts, the choicest flower—
The better, richer, nobler part!
When faith is lost in glorious sight,
And hope has its fruition found,
Then love will live in love's delight,
With everlasting glory crowned!

SEEKERS AFTER HAPPINESS DIRECTED TO ITS SOURCE.

OH, what of loveliness is found on earth,
That owes not to Jehovah's power its birth?
That is not found more infinitely pure
In Him—its essence, ever to endure?

But man, in his first father, by the fall,
Lost this—his wisdom, to gain Satan's thrall:
Aspiring to be God, to earth fell down;
Now deifies the clods—gives them God's crown.

Oh, see, vain man, to idol worship prone,
Thy sad mistake, ere thou art left undone!
Oh! leave the creature—from earth's clods arise!
With faith's bright eye, pierce through the crystal skies!

For there the loveliest, brightest source is found Of bliss for man, with endless glory crowned: More pure, attractive, holy, unalloyed, Than earth's vain sensual mortals e'er enjoyed. 'Tis there, in glory's bright refulgent rays, Of dazzling splendour, God's perfections blaze! And all His wisdom, power, and love make known Himself man's end and happiness alone.

Reigning, enthroned, in inaccessive light,
The Great First Cause, and fountain of delight;
Of immortality, the glorious King,
Whose praises scraphs bright unceasing sing!

And seated there, upon that glorious throne, Behold the Eternal, Uncreated Son! Who came incarnate, and a man was born, That man, through Him, might to his God return.

The Great High Priest, whose sacrifice for sin Is by Him to the holiest place brought in; And there, before His Father's burning throne, Presents that sacrifice, man to atone.

Man's Advocate, He ceases not to plead
The cause and right of all His promised seed:
For them, His blood, His death—sin's wages dire—
He paid, to take away His Father's ire.

And with His work His Father is well pleased—
By His great sacrifice, His wrath's appeased
Towards rebellious, wandering, sinful man—
His chosen heirs, before the world began.

He claims them as the purchase of His blood; He bare their sins, and in their law place stood; He paid their debt—delivered them from thrall, And saved them from the ruin of the fall.

In Him their full redemption free is found;
Rich promises of grace are scattered round:
His blood, to wash their souls from guilt of sin;
His righteousness, their endless life to win.

In Him the glories of the Godhead shine; In Him are pleasures lasting and divine; In Him such glories, beauties are displayed, That, once beheld, all earthly glories fade!

Lord, let me rise in contemplation sweet, To Jesus, where thy bright perfections meet! Give me, in His blest face, thy glory's view, Until, reflected, I thy image show!

THE DAILY PRAYER:

"THY WILL BE DONE." *

O Lord, at morn and evening's close, Let me on thee find sweet repose; And through the race I'm called to run, Help me to say, "Thy will be done."

In thy blest ways my feet direct;
From Satan's snares my soul protect;
Teach me the paths of sin to shun;
My guide through life, "Thy will be done."

Thy Spirit send into my heart;
Daily thy quick'ning power impart;
Oh! for thy bleeding, dying Son,
Let still in me, "Thy will be done."

[•] This hymn has appeared before, in the "Christian Cottager's Magazine" for February, 1849, edited by the Rev. A. Hewlett. The fifth verse has been since added.

In sickness, health, whate'er betide, When cast on tribulation's tide, Be thou my strength, my shield, and sun In patience may "Thy will be done."

That peace unto my spirit give,
Which 'midst life's storms serene can live;
That foretaste of heaven's bliss begun—
The life which says, "Thy will be done."

Oh, let a flame of heavenly love,
Pervade, and raise my soul above;
Filled with its fire, through life I'd run,
And sing, blest Lord, "Thy will be done."

And, Lord, in that decisive hour,
When forth from earth my soul shall soar,
Let faith then shout, the victory won
Through Christ, by whom "Thy will was done."

FAITH'S VICTORY OVER THE WORLD.

What though with giant strides I see
Gaunt ruin rush from sea to sea;
What though earth's Kingdoms, Empires all—
Its Crowns, its Thrones, should tott'ring fall;
What though dread war and rapine stalk,
Or pestilence o'er earth should walk:
On Zion's everlasting hill
Jehovah reigns, earth's Sovereign still!

What though the nations rage and roar,
As billows dashed on rocky shore;
What though the Dragon's fearful hosts
Should gather from earth's farthest coasts;
What though despotic tyrants rave,
Or, leagued with Popes, mankind enslave:
God's purposes for ever stand—
Through all, I trace His mighty hand!

• Note 17.

What though stern desolation drear,
With famine howling in its rear;
What though no lowing herds are seen,
Or flocks graze in the pastures green;
What though invasion's ruthless hand,
O'er hill and dale, may sweep the land:
The Eternal God is still my stay,
His word shall never pass away!

What though in tribulations great,
Frail nature sinks beneath their weight;
What though chill penury's cold hand
Holds o'er me still his icy wand;
What though of troubles oft I cry,
And fear to live, and long to die:
Yet, oh! I have a glorious home,
Where troubles, wants, can never come!

What though in sickness here I pine,
On beds of languishing recline;
What though I watch the tedious hours,
And feel disease waste all my powers;
What though death hurls his fatal dart,
And bids my spirit hence depart;
My soul is bought with Jesu's blood;
He'll bring me safe o'er death's cold flood!

What though earth from its centre fly,
Or meet orbs dashing in the sky;
What though the sun in endless night
Should set, while planets fade from sight;
What though volcanoes ceaseless pour
Their liquid fire earth's bound'ries o'er:
My soul shall mount to meet my Lord
In incorruption, at His word!

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.*

Soon the cold earth will be my rest— Soon, from life's sorrows free, My soul, no more with sin oppressed, Will its Redeemer see.

Jesus, I lay my weary head
Upon thy bosom blest;
Death's visage now has lost its dread,
Thou art my endless rest.

Far from the earth's sad scenes of woe,

Its trouble and its care,

Unto a land of bliss I go,

To dwell for ever there.

Tired of the world, myself, and sin,
Into thine arms I fall;
Through death's dark vale my soul sustain,
Jesus, my hope—my all!

• Written in illness.

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NOTE 1 .- PAGE 1.

GOD.

The Hebrew word Elohim, or Alehim, which our translators have rendered God, is a plural noun, the derivation of which has been a subject of controversy among the learned.

Matthew Henry and others derive it from a word signifying power. Dr. Gill thinks it comes from an Arabic word signifying worship. Mr. Serle says: "Some derive it from a root which signifies strength, or power, and others from a word which implies interposition, mediation, or intervention." But he thinks it most probably comes from a root, to assure upon oath, to covenant, and so to testify concerning any transaction. Mr. Romaine, who had spent much time in the study of Hebrew roots, says: "The personality in Jehovah is described by the word Alehim, which is in the plural number. . . . The word being plural, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit being Alehim, it was necessary to reveal to us the unity of the essence, and to teach us that these three persons were one Jehovah; and therefore, being of the selfexistent essence, none is before or after another, none is greater or less than another, but the whole three persons are co-eternal together and co-equal. Each of the persons is Jehovah. The Father: 'But now, O Jehovah, thou art our Father' (Isa. lxiv. 8). The Son: 'Who hath declared this from ancient time? Have not I Jehovah? and there is no God beside me; a just God and a Saviour' (Isa. xlv. 21). Here the Son, our Saviour, is called Jehovah. And the Holy Spirit is Jehovah: 'The Spirit Jehovah shall rest upon Him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding' (Isa. xi. 2).

"Each of the persons is called Alehim. The Father is so called: 'And David said, Blessed be thou Jehovah Alehim of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever' (1 Chron. xxix. 10). The Son is Alchim: 'There is no Alchim else beside me; a just God, and a Saviour' (Isa. xlv. 21). The Holy Spirit is Alchim: 'I have filled Bezaleel with the Spirit Alehim' (Exodus xxxi. 3), not of the Alehim; the Hebrew is, 'with the Spirit Alehim.' These scriptures confirm the doctrine; . . . namely, that Jehovah is one, and that in the unity of Jehovah, there are three Alehim: which word does not signify their manner of existence: Jehovah denotes that; but it is a relative word, descriptive of the gracious offices of the Eternal Three in the economy of man's redemption. And neither the personality expressed by its being plural, nor its meaning, are retained by our translators in the singular word God, God is no more the sense of Alehim than goodness is. It belongs to the covenant of grace, and is descriptive of the acts and offices of the Eternal Three in the glorious plan of man's salvation, and it signifies the binding act of the covenant - the obligation entered into upon oath to fulfil it. This is the sense of Aleh, the root from whence Alehim is derived; and there is no other root from whence it can be derived without offering great violence to the established rules of the Hebrew tongue." - Rev. W. Romaine's "Law and Gospel." Sermon 7.

God must be conceived of as a pure spiritual essence, without body, parts, or passions, creating and upholding all things by His power for His own glory. To accomplish which end, all His attributes are engaged and displayed in the government of His universal kingdom of providence and grace. To substitute even the happiness of His creatures—as many do—for that great end, is far too low a thought to entertain of the majesty of Jehovah. On this head the scriptures are clear: "For thy pleasure they are

and were created" (Rev. iv. 11). "The Lord has made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil" (Prov. xvi. 4); and to that end, "He worketh all things after the counsel of His own will" (Eph. i. 11).

Man having become by the fall so incapable of understanding things that do not bear upon the senses. God has been pleased to reveal something of His nature and perfections by images taken from natural objects and the passions of man. But all these images must fall infinitely short of the glorious perfections shadowed forth by them. Knowledge, wisdom, power, goodness, &c., in man, are either abstract principles, or derived powers of action from their great fountain, God. But in Him, these and all His other attributes are glorious perfections—nothing can be added to them or taken from them. They are no abstract, contingent, possible, or dormant powers; but living, ever acting, necessary agents. To take knowledge, for an instance. If God knows a thing, that thing must necessarily come to pass, because his knowledge is effective. To say otherwise, is to say His knowledge is not perfect—there is some contingency about it, which is to deny Him that perfection, and rob Him of its glory. And so of all His other attributes, in which there is divine unity of perfection and action.

The wisdom of God has seen fit to connect the happiness of a chosen people with the accomplishment of His own purpose (Eph. i. 4, 5, 6, and 14): the nation of Israel anciently, as typical of that spiritual Israel the Church, redeemed out of "all peoples and nations, and tongues" unto God, by the blood of the Lamb. To these He declares Himself to be their covenant God, and they His peculiar people (Heb. viii. 10). And when that countless throng which no man can number (Rev. vii. 9), shall assemble together at the grand consummation of all things, it will be matter of adoring wonder and praise throughout eternity, that He, "before whom all nations are but as the droppings of a bucket," should have condescended to look upon them with His favour and join their eternal happiness with His own everlasting glory.—Romaine's "Law and Gospel;" Serle's "Horæ Solitaræ;" Charnock on the Attributes.

NOTE 2.—PAGE 12.

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THE FALL.

In the 3rd Chapter of Genesis, we have the account of the apostasy of Adam, the head and representative of mankind, who seeking to become independent of his Creator, cast aside His sovereign mandate, and appeared in open rebellion against His just authority, involving himself and his whole posterity in the penalties of treason against the Majesty of Heaven. The threatened sentence, "Dying thou shalt surely die," immediately following his treasonable act: death spiritual in the soul, and the seeds of death temporal at work in the body, bringing forth fruit unto the final consummation—death eternal; separation from God, the fountain of life, throughout eternity. Man now became a corrupt tree, bringing forth evil fruit. His blood was attainted and his sons born in his own likeness. The fountain was polluted, and the streams brought out and spread the impurity.

Man fell foully and totally. All his powers became corrupted. The understanding was darkened (Eph. iv. 18); the will in open rebellion, yea, enmity itself (Rom. viii. 7); the desires of the mind sensual (Eph. ii. 3); the thoughts only evil and that continually (Gen. vi. 5); and the whole heart a sink of abominations (Matt. xv. 19). Such is man's state by nature. The apostle sums it up as "dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii. 1); children of wrath—born to it—handed over to punishment—in the jailer's hand—Satan's captive and willing slave (Eph. ii. 2; 2 Tim. ii. 26).

NOTE 3.-PAGE 20.

THE RECOVERY.

Man's recovery from the fall is the work of the Lord Jesus, in which man neither had, nor can have, any part whatever. For this, the scriptures are express. In prophecy, Isa. lix. 16; and liii. In execution of the work, Galatians iv. 4—7; iii. 13; 1 Peter ii. 24. Christ himself says, "He came to give His life a Ransom for many" (Matt. xx. 28). Again, "I lay down my life for my sheep" (John x. 15). In Rom. v. 19, the apostle says, "We were reconciled to God by the death of His Son." Heb. ix. 15: "That by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance." Heb. x. 14: "For by one offering He hath perfected them that are sanctified"—set apart for Himself.

NOTE 4.—PAGE 28.

SIN.

Sin is defined by the apostle (John iii. 4) to be a transgression of the law. It is usually described by divines as a negation, or imperfection, a deviation from rule, from the straight line of action, a falling short, a want, which only grace and the Spirit of God can supply.

This piece is intended to show its baneful effects and consequences, as manifested throughout creation, and the need man has for deliverance from its condemnation and reigning power.

NOTE 5.—PAGE 32.

ELECTION.

If there is one thing more clear than another in the Word of God it is, that God has chosen a people for Himself, in all ages of the world's history, who shall show forth His praise here, and be glorified with Him everlastingly. Not only is this truth written in passages and texts, which most people would have us believe are isolated and misunderstood, but it is written in dispensations, symbols, and types; and appears as a golden thread interwoven with and running through all God's dealings with man in every age of the world. To some, as the Israelites, granting privileges, blessings, and the knowledge of Himself, while others were left in nature's darkness, destitute of the knowledge of God and the advantage of such privileges; and yet, as the Amorites, doomed to destruction for their iniquities. And this, in the most unmistakable language, is declared to be, not on account of the righteousness of the Israelites (on the contrary, they were charged with multiplied provocations and rebellion), but on account of God's choice of them for His people (Deut. ix. 4-6; iv. 37). It is useless to try to get over the difficulty by saying, as Dr. Adam Clarke and others do, that these things relate to temporal matters only, in which they allow God to act as a sovereign in His disposal of them. St. Paul, in the 9th chapter of Romans, plainly shows that God's election of the Jews to national privileges, and an outward Church state, typified his election of a spiritual Church—the seed of Abraham, not after the flesh, but by faith, born of the promise of God to Abraham, " In thy seed shall all nations be blessed." And St. Peter, writing to those who, "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God (His promise), which liveth and abideth for ever," addresses them in the strongest terms of allusion to that type: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should

show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Pet. i. 23; ii. 9). Neither is this election general of nations, or Churches, but personal, as was Abraham's, whose children they are called to be, by the same faith in the righteousness of God by which he was blessed: "I called him alone, and blessed him" (Isa. li. 2).

For this spiritual Israel, the covenant of grace, or, as it is called, the new covenant, was made. Unlike the one God made with the typical Israel (which was a covenant of works), this undertakes the performance of all things necessary for their eternal salvation; the immutable Jehovah declaring therein, "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people" (Heb. viii. 10; Jer. xxxi. 31-34; Ezek. xi. 19). Those who wish to see the covenant of grace more fully opened, may do so in "Witsius' Economy of the Covenants." In preaching the gospel, election is necessary to beat down man's pride and selfsufficiency, and to lay him in the dust before the majesty of God; to prepare him to receive salvation freely as a gift of grace. The despondency occasioned thereby will be of a wholesome character, seeing no one will ever earnestly desire help at God's hand, till he sees his case so desperate that he cannot help himself. And when such is the case, he has the greatest encouragement for faith, the promises of salvation being directed to such characters; and to them, instead of election being a bar, it is rather a ground of hope, "that He who hath begun the good work in them will perfect the same to the day of Jesus Christ." See 17th Article of the Church of England.

NOTE 6.—PAGE 36.

THE GOSPEL

The apostle Paul, writing to the Romans, says, "I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation." What the apostle thus describes is, the revelation of God's grace to fallon man through a Mediator; which, in the hands of His Spirit, is made the powerful instrument of raising up man from his ruin by the fall, and reinstating him eternally in the favour of God.

This gospel, strictly taken and properly understood, consists neither of commands nor threatenings. It neither proposes life to be had upon the ground of works, performances, tears, or prayers: nor threatens death as the penalty of the neglect of such things; but, as the word signifies, it is "good news, glad tidings." It is of the nature of a gift—it is favour, it is grace: it is the declaration and exhibition of God's love, free and unmerited by the creature, not for their sakes, but His own; the delivery of His Son to die, the just for the unjust: the quickening dead sinners into spiritual life, and raising them from the grave of their sins to a life of righteousness by the allpowerful operation of His Spirit on their hearts. In a word, it is God's free promise to give, unconditionally—without money and without price-eternal life, grace here and glory hereafter. by Christ Jesus; and all that is necessary to insure to man its reception and enjoyment.

Unlike the powerless systems of man's devising, the gospel supposes a state of alienation, ruin, and want, and meets man upon that ground—the place to which sin has brought him. The state of alienation is common to every son and daughter of Adam's posterity (Col. i. 21); but a state of misery, ruin, and want arising therefrom, is the condition of those only who have been quickened by the Spirit (Eph. ii. 1), so as to see and know their lost condition therein, and consequent misery at being

separated from the fountain of life. Therefore, a promise to the Church in ancient times was, "All thy children shall be taught of God" (Isa. liv. 13). And one of the primary promises of the gospel was "the opening of blind eyes," which Christ declares He was anointed to fulfil.

Such are the characters to whom the word of this salvation is sent. The gospel that will suit their wretched case must be no abstract theory-no fine sounding words-no external performances nor code of doctrines. They feel themselves to be obnoxious to the wrath of God, and in dread of eternal damnation. They want a person able to interpose between them and that fearful doom; to stand in their place and bear their sins, or give to God satisfaction for them: a surety to pay their debt and let them go free. And here the gospel meets them (Luke ii. 10, 11), "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." God and man united in one person; anointed by His Father, and sent into the world to work out and procure salvation for sinners. (Matt. i. 21), "And thou shalt call His name Jesus (a Saviour), for He shall save His people from their sins," both their condemnation and reigning power. (Acts v. 31), "Him hath God exalted at His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." "And by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Eph. i. 7), " In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." (1 John i. 7), "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (2 Cor. v. 21), " For he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." And faith comes by hearing this glad tidings preached (Rom. x. 17). Through the same faith the exchange of sin for righteousness with Christ is realised; and the believer, rejoicing in his deliverance from condemnation, counts all things but loss, that he may be found in Christ, not having on his own righteousness, which is of the law (of works), but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith (Phil. iii. 9). It is evident that the gospel which Paul preached was not a declaration that God had placed salvation within the reach of man, and promised to give him eternal life if he fulfilled the conditions required of him, namely, repented, believed, and persevered in holiness to the end; such a system is no gospel at all, but a law of works, which are not of faith, but the man that doeth them shall live in them (Gal. iii. 12; Rom. x. 5); and living in them, he is cursed (Gal. iii. 10). But the gospel declares selvation is not of works, lest any man should boast. (Rom. iv. 4. 5). "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." To sum up the whole, the personification of the gospel is not Moses, an exactor—but Jesus, a Saviour. Whoever wishes to see the gospel set forth, in all its fulness and freeness, may do so in Dr. Crisp's "Christ Alone Exalted." and the Rev. Ralph Erskine's Sermons.

NOTE 7.—PAGE 41.

JUSTIFICATION.

To justify, is a term borrowed from a judicial process, ending in the formal acquittal of the prisoner, on the ground of his righteousness, or conformity to the law.

The term justified, or being declared righteous in the sight of God, is frequently used in the New Testament, to describe the state, condition, and privilege of all true believers in Christ Jesus. Now comes the question: How do they become so, seeing the apostle himself has declared, that both Jews and Gentiles are all under sin; that every mouth must be stopped, and all the world

become guilty before God? "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 9—19, and 23). The answer is, by gift. "Being justified freely by His grace" (24th verse). They have not become righteous by their own endeavours, but by favour; nor that favour for their seeking, or doing anything to obtain it, but "justified freely"—spontaneously—without any cause on their part. But to this it will be objected: then they are not really righteous, but are only declared so; which is not true in fact. To which I answer: They are righteous in fact as well as declaration; for justification is through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness, that He (God) might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus (25th and 26th verses).

Righteousness itself is the gift given to the sinner; by which, and for which, he is formally justified (Rom. v. 17—19): even the righteousness of Christ—His obedience unto death—which He wrought out, that many should be made righteous thereby (9th and 19th verses).

This righteousness is called "the righteousness of God" (Rom. x. 3); because that by it God constitutes and declares sinners righteous, in opposition to all attempts at making themselves a righteousness by their own works or doings, which are not of faith, but of the law (5th verse). But Christ is the end of the law for righteousness (4th verse): which righteousness is imputed—placed to the account of the justified person (Rom. iv. 6.)

In this award of righteousness to the sinner, there is contained also a declaration of God's righteousness in His judicial decision. Admitting at the outset that it was an act of grace to accept of a substitute, which in the antitype is an undeniable fact, it follows, then, that the decision is founded upon the most inflexible rules of justice. For

Christ, as the surety of those given Him by His Father (John x. 29), undertook to stand in their stead, and for them lay down His life; suffer for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring them to God (verse 15, and 1 Peter iii. 18). The Lord laid on Him the iniquities of all His Israel: and He actually bare their sins in His

own body on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24; Isa. liii. 6); and in proof of their complete expiation, and full satisfaction given to divine justice for them, God raised Him from the dead, for the justification of those for whose offences he was delivered up to die (Rom. iv. 25); by virtue of which it is an act of the strictest justice for God to justify them, though by nature ungodly in themselves.

Again, this appears in a still stronger light from the union which subsists betwixt Christ and the elect; He as the head, and they as the members of His mystical body (1 Cor. xii). They being united to Him in the purpose of God from everlasting, are in due time called to be partakers of His Spirit in regeneration (Rom. viii.); and so more really become one with Him than if they were the fleshly members of His body. He then, as the Head, bearing the sin of the body, "put away that sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix. 26), and being by His resurrection justified therefrom, all His members are justified in Him and with Him.

Lastly. Justification, and the righteousness upon which it is founded, are both said to be of faith: because it is by faith that the members of Christ realize the fact, each one for himself. From which it follows that they are justified by it instrumentally; it bringing them the assurance of what! they were ignorant of before, but which could in nowise alter the fact of their standing in the sight of God.

If their faith was their justification, as a cause (as many ignorantly declare), then they would not be righteous before God, nor His judgment of them, as being justified on such grounds, according to truth. But the righteousness of God is their justification; and faith is the instrument or hand by which they receive it as a free gift from Him.

After the apostolic times, this fundamental doctrine of Christianity was much obscured in the Church; nor was it ever again clearly brought to light and preached in its pristine purity, until the time of the Reformation.

St. Augustine, who opposed the arch-heretic Pelagius, and wrote so much on predestination and grace, did not clearly comprehend this important doctrine, adding regeneration or inherent righteousness to the righteousness of Christ in the sinner's justification. But though Augustine's judgment was not clear on this point, his "Confessions" abundantly testify that he was the farthest possible from making a righteousness of anything wrought in him, to appear in before his God: through all, ever acknowledging, that all he was or ever could be was, of God's grace, most freely given to him—most undeserving.

Humility—self-anihilation in the presence of God, otherwise than as a helpless object of his pre-ordained grace—was the characteristic of Augustine. Following on through the long dark ages that rolled over the Church, amidst the asceticism, monkery, and rubbish of human performances in which their lives were spent, there lack not records in the writings of many, that when in the struggles of conscience, or the hour of dissolution, they abandoned all, and, as Luther says of Jerome, at the last humbly casting themselves on "the passion of Christ" for eternal salvation.

Many in the present day profess to preach justification by faith. but the righteousness (such as it is) upon which they found it, is of an inherent kind. Man must fulfil the conditions required of him, which having done, he is to believe himself justified. So that it is not in Christ he believes, but himself. The doing his part, has constituted him righteous. Such is the downward course of error. First the Spirit's work, or sanctification, was added to the simple declaration of St. Paul; now it has descended altogether (for imputed righteousness is left out) to the trumpery of man's own doings—the very spirit and essence of popery. Hear what the Church of Rome says :- "Whoever shall affirm that men are justified solely by the imputation of the righteousness of Christ, or the remission of sin, to the exclusion of grace and charity which is shed abroad in their hearts, and inheres in them, or that the grace by which we are justified is only the favour of God, let him be accursed."—Council of Trent: Canon on Justification.

Whoever wishes to see how this article runs through the Christian system, will do well to read carefully Luther's Com-

^{*} See Review of Augustine's Theology, in Milner's Church History.

mentary on the Galatians. See 11th and 13th Articles of the Church of England. Milner's Church History.

NOTE 8.—PAGE 46.

FLESH AND SPIRIT

The Church on earth is fitly called the Church militant—in a state of warfare. The first indications of which warfare are to be found in the judgment of the serpent, and the promise made to our parents after the fall.

St. Paul describes it in a few words (Gal. v. 17):—"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." In the 7th chapter of Romans, he enters more fully into the subject, describing man's state of bondage to the law, until delivered therefrom, and united to Christ; and then shows that his spiritual union with Christ makes no alteration in the flesh, which still remains fleshly, minding earthly, vain, and sensual things; warring against the spiritual desires of the mind after higher and more enduring happiness; and bringing the mind into captivity to the law of sin which is in the members. Acting on the passions; influencing the senses; grasping present objects of earthly ease and enjoyment, profit or glory; and setting aside the eternal realities, in which the heaven-born soul can alone find satisfaction and delight.

The law of sin and death, thus manifested through the senses, produces, by its baneful influence, a deadly torpor in the soul, through which it falls a captive beneath the tyrant's sway. But incorruption's seed can never die. The soul wakes up to consciousness of its degraded state; and pressed beneath the sinful body's weight, cries out, "Oh! wretched being that I am! Who

shall deliver me?" That cry for help ascends unto his Father's throne. Again faith takes the field:—

On Calvary leaves his galling load of sin, Then turns unto the conflict with the foe; And in his risen Saviour's might, He triumphs o'er its power.

Being engaged in this warfare, has been rightly considered an unerring test of Christian character, or, in other words, of spiritual life. The bitter cry wrung from the soul on the vile rack of sin, can neither be a matter of theory, nor yet an accomplished fact, in persons who do not feel themselves hand to hand engaged in deadly strife against their murderous foe.

NOTE 9.—PAGE 49.

PERSEVERANCE.

The final perseverance of the saints is a doctrine founded upon no private interpretation of the Scriptures, but rests upon a foundation which cannot be moved.

First. Their eternal election. "Chosen to salvation" (2 Thess. ii. 13). Predestinated to glorification (Rom. viii. 30; Eph.i. 4, 5). Not without the intermediate links of holiness—calling, justification, and sanctification—but with them inseparably connected—united in one unbroken chain, having predestination as the first link, and glorification as the last, and reaching from eternity (past) to eternity (to come).

Second. The covenant of grace or new covenant. "I will make an everlasting covenant, that I will not turn away from

them to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me" (Jer. xxxii. 40). "My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 10).

Third. Their regeneration. "Being born of God" (John i. 13). "Made partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4). "Having everlasting life" (John iii. 36). "Eternal life" (1 John v. 13). "Can never perish" (John x. 28). "By the Spirit of life made free from the law of sin and death" (Rom viii. 2). And by that Spirit united to Christ, who says, "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John xiv. 19). The law of sin lives in the body till death, but the soul is freed therefrom, and cannot die.

Fourth. The New Testament in Christ's blood, ratified by the death of the Testator, and confirmed by the promise and oath of the immutable Jehovah; in which the eternal inheritance is given and bequeathed unto the heirs of promise (Heb. ix. 15; vi. 17, 18). And Christ is gone before to prepare a place for them, and will come again and take them to Himself, that where He is they may be also (John xiv. 2, 3).

Fifth. The power and faithfulness of God. "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation" (1 Pet. i. 5); "And receive the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls" (verse 9).

Lastly. The perfections of God, and the characters and relations which He ascribes to Himself as standing in to believers. These relations are taken from society, and which, as He implanted them in man, being infinite perfection, He cannot be supposed to fulfil them in any lower or less degree than is done by His creatures, even in a fallen state; but, on the contrary, in an infinitely higher and more glorious manner, and in accordance with His own unchangeable nature. Wherefore He, who is the Father, Husband, Friend, and Salvation of His people, will ever remain so. He hates putting away. His love is everlasting. He rests in it. With Him there is no variableness, neither the shadow of turning. For eternity with Him is the ever-present Now.

NOTE 10.-PAGE 55.

FREE WILL.

"It is not of him that willeth." Such is the apostle's conclusion upon that most important of all subjects to man—his obtaining salvation.

The apostle, mourning over the rejection of the gospel by his countrymen the Jews, and passing in review the revelations God has made in His word respecting the objects of His mercy and grace—the persons to whom the promises of salvation are made, is compelled to resolve all into the will of God, according to His own declaration to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." But this fact so little pleases the generality of professing Christians, that with one consent they believe there is some mistake in the matter, and that the scriptures themselves furnish them with sufficient reasons for such an opinion. In proof whereof multitudes of texts are produced, promising blessings to those who choose life and good things, and threatenings to those who choose death and evil things.

That we may not go astray in this apparent maze, it is necessary to premise: that God is represented in His word, not only as the head of the Church and kingdom of grace, but also as the moral governor of the universe; dealing out rewards and punishments; counselling, instructing, directing, promising, and threatening, in relation to the course of mankind in this life, and the observance of those laws which He has given to hold human society together; out of which His redeemed Church is to be taken. And more particularly, to the Jews under the Old Testament dispensation, much of this language was directed; because God entered into a covenant with them (which was properly a covenant of works) that, upon their obedience to His laws, they should preserve themselves in the land of Canaan, and receive all temporal blessings from Him. On the other hand, after disobedience or

idolatry, if they would return to their obedience—keep His laws, and follow His worship—then He would "turn to them," bless them again with temporal blessings, peace and safety, earthly happiness and plenty, and give them the victory over all their enemies. It follows, then, that such passages as Josh. xxiv. 15; and Esek. xxxiii., related to temporal things, or moral actions connected with rewards and punishments in this life: temporal or political death, oppression, captivity, want and misery; the opposite conditions being in their power; and the wisdom of choosing and securing them by obedience, was clearly within the scope of their rational faculties, and the comprehension of their understandings.

But not so in relation to spiritual things-salvation, grace, and eternal life. On such subjects, the natural "understanding is darkness," the "heart in blindness," the "mind alienated through ignorance" (Eph. iv. 18). Now, if the understanding is in darkness on a subject, it is not in a condition to make a choice, seeing that it cannot comprehend or judge between the good or evil of the case; and any choice made in such a state could only be characterized as a foolish, because an ignorant one. Nor can the will possibly be separated from, or act independently of, the understanding, as the ignorant talking of some people would seem to imply. For the will to choose anything, it must have a motive supplied, upon which it is called to act, and that motive must come through the understanding, the choice being made upon its discerning which is the most desirable object. The understanding of man naturally is conversant with, comprehends, and judges of the objects of sense only, and the will as naturally and necessarily chooses only sensual things for its portion; and this universal experience has demonstrated. Before spiritual things can be chosen. they must be understood. The understanding enlightened (Eph. i. 18), or a spiritual understanding, implies spiritual life (Eph. ii. 5, 6), for nothing acts before it exists. This is the new birth. before which man cannot see the kingdom of God (John iii. 3).

But it is objected, that God's solemn avowal that He wills not the death of sinners, is not to be confined to temporal death, but takes in eternal death also. In reply, it must be observed that the

avowal was made, not to all the world, but the house of Israel only. From Ezek. xviii. 5—9, there is abundant evidence of the primary meaning of all such passages. But Israel was a typical nation, and their application under the gospel dispensation belongs only to the house of Israel spiritually—to sinners who are quickened—living—know they are such, and want salvation. To such, God's affirmation is a sure ground for hope to build upon.

But it is further objected, that the obtaining salvation is made directly to depend upon the exercise of the will: "He that will come may come." This only proves that if man's understanding is enlightened to know (Eph. i. 18) and make a wise choice, desiring the "water of life," he may come and partake thereof freely. Salvation is entirely of grace: but God does not save a man as a piece of materialism, in ignorance of the work He is doing in him; but as a rational creature, spiritualizing the faculties of the soul, raising them to a higher life, and then exercising them in the development of that life. The progress of the spiritual life in the soul is analagous to the natural, as to its progressive development. There is first the state of unconscious infancy; then, the eyes are opened to see. So, first there is the spiritual birth, imparting life; then "the eves of the understanding being enlightened:" or as the apostle elsewhere says, "For God. who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6); and seeing and knowing the excellency thereof, the soul makes choice of it for its everlasting portion. Hence David says: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power" (Psalm cx. 3); in the day of the working of His mighty power in them (Eph. i. 19).

Still it is objected, that Jesus himself complains: "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life" (John v. 40). In reply. The Lord Jesus addresses Himself, in the verse before, to the Jews, who did not believe that He was the Messiah come into the world; and in proof of the fact that He was so, He tells them to "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they that testify of me. And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." They had evidence enough to

believe Him to be the Messiah; and eternal life was not to be had from the scriptures, but by believing in Him; and that they would not do, but wilfully closed their eyes against the evidence of their own senses. Why? Verse 42, "But I know you, that you have not the love of God in you." As He says elsewhere, "Ye are of your father the devil, and his works ye will do." "But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you" (John x. 26). "Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given him of my Father" (John vi. 65). It follows, then, that the apostle's conclusion remains unshaken :- "It is not of him that willeth, but of God that showeth mercy." This doctrine of free-will, as it is the stronghold of popery, so wherever it is held, there is the same desire to keep people in ignorance of everything which is not in accordance with their own assertions. Books opposing them are declared unfit to be read; and even the scripture statements on such subjects, dangerous to pry too much into-calculated to lead them astray-make them fall from their steadfastness. Of course, it is not convenient to such teachers that the people should have too much knowledge. "Simple faith "-the assent of ignorance-being much better in their eyes, than that which can render a reason. See Jonathan Edwards' Treatise on the Will. 10th Article of the Church of England.

NOTE 11.—PAGE 69.

THE EVIL HEART.

The heart is the seat of those faculties in man which distinguish him from the brute creation—the understanding, will, and affections. At this seat of government, every power is influenced

and directed to fulfil its sovereign will and pleasure; the senses being the instruments for the accomplishment of its purposes.

This spring or source of action in man is declared by God to be "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. zvii. 9). "Deceitful" in its conclusions, hopes, promises, confidence: putting a false face on things; perversely misrepresenting them; concealing, misleading. "Above all things." There is nothing so bad as to compare with it, for it is "desperately wicked." Not only in acts, as Matt. xv. 19, but in thoughts; and their imaginations—the first germ or embryo of them— (margin, The whole imagination, with the purposes and desires of the heart) "are evil-only evil, and that continually"-always so, without intermission (Gen. vi. 5). "Who can know it?" No creature can sound the depths of this abyss of wickedness. God only knows it. One cannot know it in another; and can only know as much of it in themselves as the light of God shining within shows them of its workings, and by feeling the plague of its baneful operations. This is that Ethiopian, to whom so many pressing appeals have been made, to change his skin. indeed, there has been no lack of attempts at its improvement, in whiting, masking, and ornamenting processes. But all in vain. It is evil only-incapable of improvement. Grace was never designed to mend it, but give another; which God has promised unto the house of Israel—His covenant people (Ezek, xxxvi, 26).

Note 12.—Page 72.

REGENERATION.

Regeneration is the giving of another life—the bringing into being of a new existence—a new birth.

This life is separate from, and in its nature and end of existence,

opposed to, the life of sense in man. The natural life of man is mortal, subject to decay—a dying death. But this life is spiritual and eternal. It is a seed sown in man that is incorruptible (1 Peter, i. 23). A partaking of the nature of God himself (2 Peter, i. 4); which can never be severed from him-can never die. And as its nature differs, so does its end of existence. The end of the natural life is earthly; desiring earthly objects, sensual enjoyments. This, on the contrary, desires and seeks after spiritual things; finds its pleasures, its happiness, in the favour of God, to whose image it is conformed: and growing up daily into the further knowledge and love of God, as a son and heir of immortality with Him. fights valiantly the good fight of faith in this life, crucifying the flesh. with its affections and lusts. This life is preceded by a state of death; and the transition is from the one to the other-from death to life (Eph. ii. 1). Hence it is called a new creation (Eph. ii. 10); a resurrection (John xi. 25). This creation is the work of God, and of the will of God (James i. 18; John i. 13), and is wrought by the Spirit of God, whose office it is in the covenant of grace. Being the Spirit, or Life, He only can impart that life to man.

These things being so, it is evident man can have nothing whatever to do with bringing himself into this new life. Its implantation in him must necessarily precede his knowledge of it; for death can in nowise prepare itself for the reception of life: all the means and conditions, therefore, which are laid down by man as a preparation for its reception into the heart, are simply so many unmistakable evidences of the spiritual blindness and ignorance of those who make them.

In the actings of this life—which, like the natural, is of gradual growth—its (spiritual) senses are to be exercised: in the use of which, it attains to the knowledge of its deliverance from condemnation, and the relationship in which it stands to its eternal Father. But all calls to natural men to exercise their will and power, in order to prepare themselves for eternal life, grace, and salvation, are simply the mistaken conclusions of a darkened mind, or the ravings of fanatical ignorance.

Regeneration is called a washing (Titus iii. 5), because of its

cleansing the soul from the guilt and pollution of its former sinful state; without which, all pretensions made to a new life are vain. And as the way of entrance into the spiritual Church—the body of Christ—it is figured out, or symbolized by baptism (1 Pet. iii. 21), which is the initiatory rite of admission into the visible one. And it is sometimes denominated thereby, as in Gal. iii. 27; from which the Church of Rome, and Romanizing Clergymen of the Church of England, maintain that regeneration is conveyed by, or infallibly attends upon, the administration of the ordinance of baptism.

This conclusion is of course founded upon the literal interpretation of the words "water" and "baptism," in the passages cited. But if the dogma of baptismal regeneration did not add to the importance of the priestly office and character, in the view of its assertors and the ignorant multitude, university educated gentlemen* would doubtless be able to see without any difficulty, that "water" is continually used, in the Old and New Testament, as an emblem of the Holy Spirit and His operations. (Isa. xliv. 3), "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed." Here is first the emblem, and then the Spirit signified thereby: such figurative ways of speaking being frequently used in the scriptures. See Isa. xii. 3, and xxxv. 6, 7. Our Lord himself used the same figure of speech (John vii. 37, 38); but, 39th verse, "This spake He of the Spirit."

Again. Besides the literal ordinance of baptism by water, the same word is used to describe the gift of the Holy Ghost (Matt. iii. 11); and also, the sufferings of Christ (Luke xii. 50). From both cases it is evident, that to confine the words cited from the Epistles to a literal signification, is either blindly to pervert them or wilfully abuse them; the nature of the thing said to be done thereby proving the absurdity of such interpretations; and of this

^{*} Perhaps my want of charity needs an apology; and the best I have to offer, is:—That as these learned gentlemen place common-sense people in a dilemma, the horns of which are ignorance and priestly pride, I suppose, of the two, it is better to make choice of the latter.

the scriptures furnish abundant evidence. Ezek. xxxvi. 25: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, from your filthiness and idols will I cleanse you;" and this, in the following verse, is regeneration, "A new heart will I give you." To the same purpose is Heb. x. 22. But the apostle Paul has settled the question as to what baptism it is by which we are "baptized into Christ, and so have put on Christ." 1 Cor. xii. 13: "For by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." And as a proof that the Spirit was not received through the outward ordinance of water baptism, in the apostle's view, he would like to know of the Galatians whether they received the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith, under the preaching of the gospel; which is the ordinary means of the Spirit's entry and regeneration of the soul, and not baptism. The Spirit is nowhere in the scriptures tied to any ordinances, or His operations made to depend, in the least degree, on the acts or dispositions of man. On the contrary, our Lord likened them to the wind, which bloweth where it listeth (John iii. 8)—swayed only by the will, counsel, and purpose of Jehovah.

NOTE 13.—PAGE 74.

REPENTANCE.

Repentance, or sorrow for sin, may be generally described under two heads.

First. As being partial and external, having reference only to the consequences of continuing therein, either in the sight of men or God. This does not exclude the love of sin from the heart, nor take away its secret desires after indulgence therein,

from which it is only deterred by the shame, trouble, or sorrow arising therefrom in this life, or the fear of eternal punishment hereafter, as king Ahab (1 Kings xxi. 27), and Judas.

Where such repentance exists, sin is only seen in the outward acts, violations of the law which are palpable to the senses. And while these are avoided, such persons feel themselves secure; being unconscious of the fact, that their nature, which brings forth those desires, lies under the curse and condemnation of God, whether the outward acts are committed or not (Matt. v. 28).

Second. As being genuine, thorough-going, and complete; a change of conduct arising from a change of heart. Sin has been fallen out with, and parted from, as the friend and companion of life. It is now felt to be a mortal enemy, and is hated and hunted down as such. The life of God is rlanted in the soul; and as the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, so the Spirit lusteth against the flesh-fights against it, and crucifies it, with its affections and lusts. This repentance is not an act merely at first coming to the knowledge of God and salvation; but it is a state—a habit inseparable from the Christian throughout his course. And like every other good thing possessed by man, it is the special gift of God (James i. 17), which Jesus is said to be exalted at the right hand of God, as a prince, to give to His Israel (Acts v. 31). And this He does by sending down His Spirit, and quickening them to a new life of righteousness, with which commences their hatred of sin, and warfare against it.

NOTE 14.—PAGE 77.

THE RETURNING SINNER.

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." "For whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Heb. xi. 6; Rom xiv. 23).

But man, while in a state of nature, lives in the practical disbelief of the being of God. The desires of his mind, his purposes, and aims of action, are conceived and carried out without reference to God, and in utter disregard of His will; just as if God had no existence, or was not man's Creator, and entitled to his service every moment of his life, and with every faculty of body and mind. And this evil in man is a radical one—a heart disease. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." He has not confessed it with the lips, but the thing is secreted in the heart; and that universal deceiver does not give expression to it in words. but gives effect to it in actions—works out the godless principle through every act of life. Setting man to live for himself, his own lusts and pleasures: making him the end of his own being. putting himself in the place of God; and thus practically denving the being of his Creator. How then can a sinner return or be acceptable to God, and be rewarded by Him with the knowledge of Himself, as the object of his search? The answer is: "By faith"-because he comes believing. Faith is the gift of God: and faith has turned his face towards his Father's house. But that you must dispute, "because (say you) if he had faith he would believe in Christ for salvation, and would no longer remain under the burden of his sins, and amidst his doubts and fears." Your faith, my friend, gets on too fast. What makes his sins a burden? Whence come those doubts and fears? Listen to our Saviour's words: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3). Why does not the "returning sinner"

rest satisfied in the same condition in which the rest of mankind are-in ignorance and disregard of God? Note the text: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God." The beginning of eternal life in man is the knowledge of God, and here, then, is that life in operation. He is born again, and the new-born faculties of a higher life display themselves. Eternal life is given—is begun, though, as it were, in its infancy. He comes to God now really believing in His existence; believing in His holiness, in His justice, in the threatenings of His law. Faith is inseparable from the new creature, and is first exercised in the knowledge of God, against whom sin has been committed. and by whom vengeance is threatened. By this knowledge it is prepared for that contained in the second part of the text: "And Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."-To be a Saviour. A Sinbearer. A Ransomer. A Mediator betwixt the sinner and his Judge.

By the same light, also, the nature of sin is seen in all its hatefulness and fearful consequences, which is what St. Paul calls a knowledge of sin by the law, which is a written transcript of God himself, now made manifest to the soul.

As Satan can transform himself into an angel of light, so he sets the treacherous heart of man to make many false returns to God. Some, by the old rotten way of works—tears, prayers. obedience, blind faith—the mere assent of the natural understanding, without the light of God shining into the heart. Others, by impressions made on the imagination, by glowing descriptions of heaven and happiness, or hell and misery, acting on the senses; exciting and inflaming the passions, which, by many, is supposed to be conversion. Others, again, by becoming decided characters-resolving to begin and lead pious lives, which, with asking for the grace of God, they suppose themselves able to do, and so presumptuously believe. Many ways the treacherous heart of man devises to compound for ease and happiness hereafter; but all in ignorance of that great change, by which alone that happiness can be enjoyed. But, reader, this is certain! eternal life alone can bring thee back to God. Thou must be born again, or Him thou canst not see.

NOTE 15.—PAGE 83.

HUMILITY.

Humility is a grace of the Spirit, springing from spiritual knowledge, or divine light in the soul. On the one hand, discovering the infinite majesty, glory, and perfections of God; and on the other, the blindness, ignorance, guilt, and pollution of its own estate by nature, impressing the soul with the infinite distance there is betwixt the greatness, glory, and purity of God, and its own insignificance and vileness, as a sinful creature in His sight.

Such characters, God has promised to look down upon with favour (Isa. lvii. 15). To such only He gives His grace (1 Pet. v. 5); and it is they only who enter the kingdom of heaven (Matt. xviii. 3).

From its lowly, unassuming nature—being the opposite of pride, which God hates—it is of great price in His sight. It enables the soul to submit itself to the dipensations of Providence in which it is placed; accepting afflictions, privations, or sorrows in this life, from the hand of infinite wisdom and goodness; by which it dies daily, to the world, to self, and to sin; patiently fulfilling the work of its day and generation, in the happy consciousness of receiving hereafter a better inheritance.

NOTE 16.—PAGE 85.

LOVE.

Love is a grace of the Spirit of God, arising out of the soul's apprehension of its own individual interest in the love of God. "We love Him, because He first loved us."

This grace is no wild fancy, or blind passion, heating and exciting the natural affections of the darkened mind (which by multitudes, is believed to be the infallible mark of personal religion); but, like all other graces in its train, is founded upon knowledge, following faith, and fixing the affections where that has fixed its trust. But, indeed, all these graces are so entwined together, that it is difficult to speak of the actings of the one, without entering on the others also. The powers of the soul being spiritualized, so as to see, become interested in, and fix the affections upon God, the only source of good, through Jesus Christ the Mediator.

In figurative language, I have endeavoured the more strikingly to display the nature and actings of this grace in the soul; its rise in the love of God, as its first cause, and termination on Him, as its last end. Its eternally enduring character, and inestimable value in His sight.

NOTE 17.—PAGE 94.

FAITH.

"Faith (says the apostle) is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

From this description, it follows, that faith is no mere assent of the understanding-no historically believing the contents of the sacred records—no accrediting a testimony, without having a personal knowledge of the author who gives it-no believing without understanding the nature of the thing believed, or without sufficient evidence of the truth of what is declared. fiction of the fancy—the work of a highly wrought imagination; but a known certainty—a substantial existence in the soul. It is founded upon truths that are undeniable—that cannot be overturned, mistaken, or set aside. Not theoretical, but living, practical demonstrations. Truths revealed in the word of God. and thence working through the life of man. Ascending, 'tis true, as to future glory, beyond man's limited powers of comprehension in this life, but having, nevertheless, the foundations firmly laid, the knowledge given here of the object, author, and end of faith, and being also in possession of the very substance, which was promised from eternity, declared in the word, and is now the evidence and earnest of the complete fulfilment of the promises in everlasting glory. In proof of which may be instanced, the absolute certainty of the truths in the believer's mind. upon which his faith is grounded, and his mind conversant with, in reference to his salvation.

First. The existence of God, the maker and preserver of all things, whose infinite greatness, glory, and perfections, constitute Him the only object of man's worship and trust.

Second. Man's fallen state by nature—his estrangement from God, and consequently, helpless and hopeless condition, as a sinner against Him.

Third. The sentence of condemnation declared by the law of God against sinners.

Fourth. The promise and gift of eternal life, in Jesus Christ, founded upon His obedience and bloodshedding in the sinner's room and stead.

Fifth. Regeneration. The implantation of spiritual life in the sinner, by the Spirit of God, sent from the Father and the Son, in accordance with covenant engagements, through the Redemption and Mediation of Jesus Christ.

These truths are revealed in the scriptures as the foundations of the believer's faith, and in him they become living realities—absolute certainties—a positive existence. It is in vain you try to dispute him out of them. It would be useless even for him to try to disbelieve them himself. They are present evidence—practical demonstrations. He was dead, but is alive. He was blind, but now he sees. He was ignorant of God, but now he sees all his happiness is centred in Him. In a word, eternal life—the substance, is in possession, and faith is neither more nor less than the actings of that life in man.

Again. Faith is the substance and evidence of the unseen things of future glory in its effects upon the soul. Restoring to it the lost image of God, for whose glory it was created, producing therein, those graces which have a likeness to, and are of the nature of, the state of blessedness hereafter: that satisfaction which nothing else in the experience of man has ever been able to give, supplying the very object of man's being, and filling up all the desires of his soul; and especially, imparting to him that peace of God—quiet, settled, happy rest of soul, amidst all the troubles and turmoils of life, which is the opposite of man's craving, restless nature: a faint semblance, as it were, of the unchanging, perfect happiness of God. Thus faith gives a reality to unseen things, and waits in the confident assurance of their full enjoyment, when this mortal shall put on immortality.

But it must be carefully noted, that though faith is a certain evidence, it is not the foundation of the believer's hope; that is not within himself, but in the word of God—the promise of eternal life in Jesus. Faith is the assent of the understanding and will, founded upon a knowledge of the author of the promise, and the nature of the thing promised, and depending upon the veracity

of the promiser for the fulfilment thereof; trusting the soul for eternal salvation into His hands; and resting in the assured confidence that He will keep it through this life, and bring it to

NOTES.

Himself in glory hereafter.

This faith is the gift of God; and as it is called into being by the promise of God, so its life throughout, is one of trust and dependance on Him for all things. And feeling the weight of a body of sin and death, it humbles the sinner under the mighty hand of God, on account of his sin, while it lays hold of the promised mercy as a free gift, through Christ Jesus, to sinners. And being continually in a state of warfare during its stay in this life, and surrounded by wants and necessities, it has continual resource to the promises God has given in His word, of help, support, deliverance, and final victory. And in times of need bringing these promises to God for fulfilment, believing the good things contained therein, and casting the soul on them; relying on their accomplishment, no matter what hindrances or difficulties may seem to be in the way, believing in hope against hope-against the appearance of things to the senses, because He who has promised is the faithful God. It leads man out of himself, where all is evil, to God, the fountain of eternal good. It sees the vanity and fading nature of the things of time and sense, and raises the soul, alike above life's troubles and its joys, to the realities of the (at present) unseen world. Bearing the losses, crosses, and troubles of this present life with patience, feeling nature's smarting under them, but soaring on the wings of faith above them, the believing soul dwells much—even in this life—in the presence of his God. Founded on the Rock of Ages, his foot stands firm. He lives to Do and SUFFER all his Father's will—to be fully prepared, through grace here, for a participation in His glory hereafter.

One thing more remains to be observed. Faith, as an evidence, will be clearer or less distinct according to its strength or weakness in the soul. In some, feeble and only displaying the first signs of life, the opening of the eyes, and the knowledge to discern the good, and desire above all things the enjoyment thereof. Passing onward, others will be found in every state and condition

of the life of faith upwards, to the conqueror's shout of victory over death, hell, and the grave. And the clearness of the evidence will be just in proportion to the strength of the grace, and its active operations in the soul. Some, with a strong faith in active operation, lay hold of eternal life, in the fullest assurance of possessing the crown thereof. While others, having a weaker faith, its operations are more feeble, and their life more wavering, doubtful, and uncertain, both as to their conduct and principles, and their own view of their condition. While others, again, who once appeared to have faith, seem now altogether destitute of it as an active principle: as if (for the time at least) it did not exist; during which the evidence is so blotted and blurred by the outbreak of corruptions, or by a life led according to the course of this world, grasping after wealth, honour, ease, or pleasure—till it is rendered entirely unintelligible, the life of sense appearing as the ruling principle of their existence. If the faith of such is not a delusion of Satan to bring them into their present carnally secure state, they may assuredly lay their account with a fearful awaking out of it, bringing bitterness and anguish of soul, and perhaps years of smarting under the thorns which they are now so earnestly engaged in collecting together.



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RUSTIC LAYS:

SACRED AND MORAL.



THE WANDERER'S HOME.

THE Wanderer's Home! How it thrills through the heart
That's condemned in far regions to roam!
How the last look's remembered, and keen is the smart
Felt at thought of—The Wanderer's Home!

Do you ask of its sadness?—Why hopeless, forlorn

Does it wander, and never must come?

Ah! it's exiled from hence, and from happiness torn,

Must die far from—The Wanderer's Home!

'Twas thus with our sire, when from Eden's fair bower,
For his sin, the first exile become:
Unsheathed, the bright sword, held by infinite power,
Barred return to—The Wanderer's Home!

But he had a refuge. Oh! does that soul see,
Though banished from friends, he may come
To Jesus, and by His atonement made free,
In Him find—The Wanderer's Home?

Oh, has the glad sound of this music divine,

Through grace, ever poured its sweet tone
On the ears of that lone one, and made him resign
All for Jesus—The Wanderer's Home?

Then, if hard on the earth his sad lot may remain,
And sorrows may press to the tomb,
His Saviour still loves, and his heart will sustain,
Till brought safe to—The Wanderer's Home!

And then, 'midst the ranks of the scraphim bright,
This outcast will shine on a throne;
All the sorrows and cares of this earth out of sight,
He 's with Jesus—The Wanderer's Home!

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! O tell me, where thou deign'st to dwell!-Direct my feet to find thy secret cell. Then tell me of that wondrous way of old, Which led earth's pilgrims to the heavenly fold! Hark !-"Tribulation on those pilgrims howled; O'er thorny wastes they pressed, while dangers scowled. 'Why walk this way?' old Adam, smarting, cried-'Back, back to Egypt,' rebels said-and died!" But can't I change, or leave my present path? "All paths out of the cloud, will lead to wrath," But then, I cannot see earth's wide expanse, Nor on its wheel of fortune get one chance! In darkness, onward still I move in pain, And hopeless, seek relief-but seek in vain! "But though the cloud"—says Faith—"hides all beside. Yet surely there does my Redeemer ride!-Look up! see you bright Star of glorious fame! In constellations bright, read His great nameThe attributes of heaven's Eternal King,
Who leads His people—bears them on His wing!
O'erlooks their ignorance, blots out their sin:
Guides them through troubles great; but keeps them in
The way—they shall eternal glory win!"

ON THE SAME.

Patience!—meek-eyed, lovely damsel,
With modest unassuming mien—
Who onward, from thy lowly cell,
Art passing to a brighter scene.

In peacefulness, thy thorny path through life,
Shunning the gaze of man, thou dost pursue:
Self-diffident, with thee the only strife—
To reach that glorious land thou hast in view.

For He who called thee from earth's fading joys, Said that this desert wild thou must pass o'er, Ere to thy Father's house thou could'st arise, And be with Him in bliss for evermore.

For earth and earthly things fade out and die—
The scythe of time its fairest flowers cuts down:
At evening, see its glory withering lie;
And cast unto the dust its brightest crown.

But thou, fair maid, art blest!

Ere long thy toils shall cease:

Exchanged for everlasting rest,

And everlasting peace!

Thy torn and bleeding feet,

Will soon pass o'er the wild:

Thy Father's gracious presence meet,

And clasp His loving child!

And then, no more the bitter sigh Shall struggle from thy breast; Nor from thy tender, lovely eye, The burning tear be pressed.

For in the shadowy vale of death,

Earth's sorrows thou wilt leave;

With them yield up thy fleeting breath—
Thy God thy soul receive!

Hope onward still! See yonder bright abode!
See o'er the mountain's top the shining road!
The prize stands full in view—the goal seems near—Press onward!—upward!—lovely maiden, cheer!

Those glorious heights, ere long, thou wilt ascend—Be with thy much-loved everlasting Friend;
Arrayed in royal robes, His court attend—And oh! with Him eternity to spend!

"TOLLE LEGE."*

"THE Church of God—What's that?" Read it and see! The subject should concern both you and me: For sure this earth's last cycle will be run, When its last member 's gathered 'neath the sun.

Are eyes to read, and understanding given, And we not use them to inquire for heaven? Yea, more—to know the great and glorious God, His way of mercy, through a Saviour's blood?

Oh, let not here our wisdom intervene, In God's light only, can His truth be seen: He sent His Son from heaven's high courts, to save His Church from sin, and raise her from its grave.

^{• &}quot;Take up and read." For these words, see St. Augustine's account of his conversion, in his Confessions, Book 8. The verses were written for, and placed in, a presentation copy of "Serle's Church of God," Bonmahon edition.

Bought with a price, her ransom is paid down;
Redeemed from slavery to wear a crown:
The kingdom is prepared, and now her guide—
Her Bridegroom, comes to claim His dear-bought Bride.

Oh, then this earth in flames shall pass away!—
Time's course of days and years no longer stay;
And man—Oh! where shall place for him be found,
When earth, with all his hopes, in flames are drowned?

The Church of God, in that tremendous day, Will hear her Bridegroom's call, and speed away, To meet her glorious Husband, Saviour, Friend, And with Him to heaven's shining courts ascend!

JERUSALEM.

SHALL I be there, to share that song,
And swell my rapturous notes on high?
Shall I be there, amidst that throng,
Whose shout of triumph fills the sky?

Shall I be there, in robes of white,
Washed in the heart's blood of the Lamb?
Shall I stand spotless in the sight
Of the all-seeing, pure I AM?

O God, thou know'st my inmost heart,

Thy word—thy promise is my stay:

By faith I claim an humble part,

Through Him who washed my guilt away.

Thou wilt not—canst not, me deceive,

More firm than earth thy word must stand;

Thou never wilt—no, never leave

One whom Thy grace e'er takes in hand.

Yes, when my race on earth is run;
My Father's will is mine become;
Patience, its work, its suffering done;
That peaceful land will be my home.

PSALM CXXI.

O Lord, my weary, worn out soul
Looks up for help unto the hills,
From whence thou dost all things control,
The tempest's raging fury stills.

My help, in tribulation's day

Thou only art, or e'er canst be:

My feeble, sinking spirit's stay,

Who can I look to, Lord, but thee?

Maker of heaven and earth, most high,

Thou dost from thy dread throne bow down,
To hear the mourner's bitter sigh,

And save when threat'ning dangers frown.

Upon that everlasting hill—
Omnipotence—thy feet shall stand;
Throughout life's storms, abide there still,
Upheld by His almighty hand.

Thy keeper is the great I AM,

The God of Israel's chosen race;

Who, through the sacrificial Lamb,

Made thee an object of His grace.

His watchful eyes on thee look down;
His care thy every step attends:
When fires would burn, or waters drown,
His sleepless eye thy soul defends.

A shade, to shield thee in the day,
When trouble's, danger's burning sun
Would smite thee, on thy weary way—
Until thy toilsome journey's done.

And when the moon's cold wintry gleam,
In sorrow's night, would smite thy soul
With bitter words, which cruel seem,
His shade—His peace shall thee console.

Thou shalt press forward on thy way;
He will preserve thee to the end:
Let nothing e'er thy soul dismay,
From evil God will thee defend!

Thy going out and coming in—

Thy path, He'll order all life through;

And spite the world, the flesh, and sin,

He'll bring thee safe—a conqueror too!

• An emblem of the Church.

CREATION.

(A THOUGHT.)

God, to declare His being vast—
His wisdom, greatness, power,
The earth and heaven's expanse He cast,
With planets spangled o'er:
And sun, and moon, in day and night,
The glorious light to pour;
And placed man in this region bright,
Its Maker to adore.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE SPRING.

Every thing is glad to see me—
Every thing is young and gay!
Every thing has smiles to greet me—
Every thing along the way!

Daisies, cowslips and primroses,
Dandelions—golden—bloom;
On the banks wild strawb'ries, mosses,
Gaily tell me Spring is come!

Anemones, fair nymph-like flowers, Bustic celandines would wed; While violets perfume their bowers, Trefoil lifts its gentle head.

And many a small neglected flower,
Rejoicing in the happy day,
Adds to the enchantment of the hour,
Or, carpet-like, o'erspreads the way.

O ye beauteous flowers! what lovely Emblems of a mind serene! Opening up your vernal beauty, Happiness with you is seen!

Glorious shines the sun above me!
Sweetly does the sky-lark sing!
May I make my bed amidst ye,
Whilst the heavens with music ring?

Beauteous flowers, I lay me softly
'Midst the primrose pale gold bloom;
While steals the thought, how winter roughly
Banished dreams of childhood's home.

Kindly do you look upon me, Standing watchful round my bed; Not a thorn have you to pierce me, As ye pillow round my head.

Loveliest tenants of creation,
Your bright day of life ye pass,
Decked in silver, gold, and crimson,
Nature's dazzling gorgeousness.

From your great Creator's grandeur—
From Himself your beauties come:
Oh! where else dwells all this splendour?
Oh! where else is beauty's home?

Sent from Him to glad creation;
Sent to be His creatures' joy;
Sent to deck man's habitation;
Sent to raise his thoughts on high.

To the Giver of each blessing—
To the God who all has made;
Oh, to Him be never ceasing—
Never ending praises paid!

TO THE MOON.

FAIR MOON, emerging from that envious cloud, And kissing with thy beams night's sable shroud, All robed in glory, with majestic grace, Upon thy azure couch thou dost recline: As youthful maiden, so thy lovely face Looks down in pensive thoughtfulness on mine. Unveiled, thou seem'st to sit as if entranced, Unconscious of the gaze of mortal's eye; Or else, as if their sorrows thou askanced, And sympathetic heard their bitter sigh. I love to wander 'neath thy silvery beams, And feel thy softening influence on me shed, When thoughts steal o'er me of the once bright dreams Of life's fair morn, which e'er its noon were fled. How oft my wearied soul, pressed down with care, Has left the bustle and the din of towns. With thee a moment's ease and peace to share— Escape awhile life's whirl, its smiles and frowns. Or, lighted on by thee, have sped my way To nature's solitudes, where stillness reigns:

Or in the churchyard's lonely path I'd stray, And think, ere long, would rest there my remains; Or undisturbed by peering mortal's gaze, The bursting heart would pour out all its woes— Awhile would lose itself in sorrow's maze, Until the throbbing heart sunk to repose. Or else, in pensive musings wandering on, Enchanted, as by magic spell, the eye Would watch the waving shadows flit upon The green or lawn, where zephyrs soft past by. Or busy fancy would transform the scene-Its stately castles, towers, and turrets raise: Or favs and fairies dance upon the green. Where'er through waving boughs thy pale beam plays. Now homeward turn my steps; but on my way. I stand to gaze upon thy lovely face, Which seems to bid the tide of sorrow stay, And from my breast life's cares and troubles chace. For rolling cycles will their course run on, And clouds of gloom through life obscure the view. But soon its fleeting shadow will be gone-This mortal, immortality renew! Fair Moon, the night wears on. Adieu! Adieu! Friend of my youth, thy face I love to view! But with the myriads bound in sleep's sweet spell. I too must go. Once more, fair Moon, farewell!

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

PART I.

A STEANGER on earth's face I roath—
A wanderer passing to my home:
Now tost amidst the busy strife
Of crowded towns and city's life;
Then bustling onward o'er the plain,
To mingle in life's cares again.
Now pensive, wandering in the shade,
Or on the bed of sickness laid:
Then clouds and darkness gath'ring round,
Soon deep'ning to a gloom profound;
The furious tempests rave and roar,
And o'er my head their torrents pour.
Trembling with fear, appalled, distressed,
With pain, with grief, and care oppressed;

A still small voice falls on the ear,
In sacred, solemn accents clear: —
"Arise, prepare, and get thee hence:
My arm shall be thy sure defence.
I'll go before, mark out thy way.
And be thy sinking spirit's stay."

* Very likely a contemptuous smile will be deemed an appropriate commentary on this passage by some of its readers. One thing in relation thereto I will mention, and after that, I will leave such persons to "mock on" (Job. xxi. 3).

Besides other circumstances in providence, an illness of more than two years' duration had so unfitted me for my then active and anxious course of life, that my medical adviser warned me repeatedly, that my only chance of regaining health and strength, was by giving it up, and seeking a more quiet and retired sphere. Being brought—to all appearance—to the grave's mouth, and seeing no other course possible for the well-being of my family, I very unwillingly took the step; but frequently doubted whether I should live to make the removal.

PART II.

Hushed now is the bustle, the turmoil, the strife,
In which were consumed the best years of my life.
Disease's cold grasp seems to seize on its prey;
The shadows portend the decline of the day;
When weary and weak, fain to trace out the way,
Through thickets and briers that on the path lay,
Till past their wild mazes, a sojourner come
To a land among strangers, my lot's cast to roam.
Midst fields, vales, and woods, and the tall poplar's shade,
I wind my lone way to my village homestead.

There it stands in a vale, embosomed with trees, •
Skirted round by the poplars which bow to each breeze;
And fruit trees, whose trunks tell a tale of old age,
Grow, with shrubs of each hue, the eye to engage:
While roses in season bloom forth from each group,
And all run as wildly as e'er did man's hope.

But soon do the seasons their courses run round, What late was so lovely, now dying is found. Such—such, are life's pleasures—so fleeting its joys, The winds of life's autumn their beauty destroys. In scenes such as these, frail life's period runs on,
Finding still in its course, that the rose has its thorn.
A tenant at will, for the time here I dwell,
Over head the hills rise, 'neath my feet the floods swell:
No spot on earth's surface I call now my home,
Life's journey's before me till sunset is come.

Though fickle Miss Fortune has been at her freaks, Now climbing the mountain then fording the deeps, The hand that has led will securely lead on, Till life's labour is past—till its journey is done.

At the tent, pitched beneath the hills, where the flocks browse,

Till the order to move, rests-John Pooler Shorthouse.

PART III.*

Once I was young, and light, and gay,
And thought the world a fair abode;
But now, a weary one I stray
Along life's rugged, thorny road.
My earthly hopes all withered lie,
Nipt by the chilling blasts of time,
O'er them I heave the funeral sigh,
Then look unto a brighter clime!

My crown lies buried in the dust,
My eye's delight—my pride—my joy:
A jewel God would not entrust
To sparkle longer in my eye.
My wealth—my home—companion dear,
At one fell stroke, all—all were gone!
O God! be my support—be near—
My soul with eagle wings bear on!

[•] This, and the piece following it, together with the second one on "Patience," "Jerusalem," and "Psalm exxi.," have been written since the first part of the Manuscript was finished, and the contents of the volume intended to have been completed. But having them on hand, when collecting together and copying these stray pieces, I thought it better to add them, especially from the connection of these last two, with the first parts.

She's gone to yonder realms of day,
Where sin and sorrow never come;
I would not call her thence—away,
But with her long to be at home.
O radiant sight! what peace serene!
So unlike earth's exciting joys—
When in death's vale such bliss is seen,
What will it be when we arise!

PART IV.

PASSING SCENES AND REMAINING REST.

This earth is beautiful!—I thought,
Once seated pensive by the way—
Though man a curse has on it brought,
Which only fire will melt away.
O'er all the landscape's wide expanse,
My eye in pleasure wandered on,
Till lost, as in a lovely trance,
It seemed as if the curse was gone.

I gazed upon that lovely scene
Till waking to life's sterner views,
Through which the fair illusion's seen—
Brought nearer, does its beauty lose.
And yet I lingered to behold
The sight—those pictures, dazzling fair—
Their varied tints, light, shade, and gold—
Hung there with such artistic care.

'Twas Nature's gallery of art—
I thought—its exhibition vast;
Each season, opened to impart
To man a beautiful repast.
But only for a time we stay
To view and con the pictures o'er:
To life's stern work we must away—
And I too must resume my tour.

The greatest masterpiece of art,

The best illusion but becomes;

And soon earth's beauties all depart,

And leave man wrapped in wintry glooms.

Time's passing scenes fade from his view;

Disease or age waste all his powers:

Tis vain for him earth does renew,

'Neath smiling sun and vernal showers!

His life's short season soon is past,

Earth does its exhibition close:

The grave its doors o'er him makes fast;

To dust again his body goes.

Again the same course runs its round—

Succeeding generations pass:

And will do, till the trump shall sound—

The last sand fall through old Time's glass.

And then these heavens will flee away:

Earth, wrapped in flames, with heat will glow:

No longer time's illusion stay,

But in the burning wreck will go!

One vast explosion will destroy

The air, all things terrestrial burn:

A molten mass the earth will lie—

Unto its elements return!

Earth then from sin by fire refined,
Remodelled by God's mighty hand,
In perfect loveliness enshrined,
The saints again will on it stand:
And there their loved Redeemer meet,
And see His glory face to face,
Immortal—all their powers replete—
Perfection's bloom, His court to grace!

Raised in His image, with Him reign,

Throughout earth's sabbath's peaceful rest:

Reap then the fruits of toil and pain—

Time's cares and woes, which once oppressed.

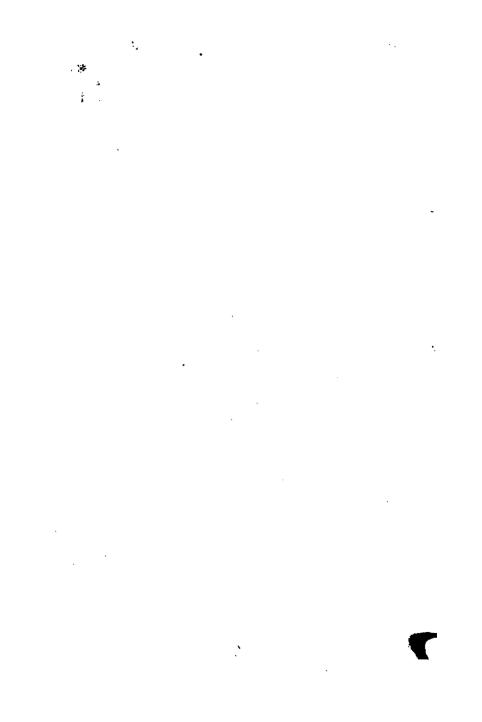
And that run out, to endless joy

The saints will enter with the Lamb;

The kingdom pass to the Most High;

And all in all, be God, I AM!

W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 1, Long Lane, E.C.







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